

The Mercury

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.  
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.  
162 THAMES STREET.  
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1838, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns. It contains local and general news, well selected, interesting and valuable. It is a household companion. It is a source of information in this and other states. The limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies 10 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Subscriptions sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

- HOFER WILLIAM LORON, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Harry Dawson, President; Fred Hill, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays. 12, 10.
- DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Ede Christensen, President; Anton Christensen, Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays. 12, 10.
- THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. McKie, President; Daniel J. Conklin, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays. 12, 10.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Casey, Sullivan, President; Mrs. M. Denney, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays. 12, 10.
- DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Thompson. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays. 12, 10.
- ADRIAN THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Commander, Frederick J. Bunzle, Adjutant, Gus Segure. 12, 10.
- LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Mary E. Sullivan; Secretary, Mrs. James Lynch. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays. 12, 10.
- REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James C. Walsh, Chancellor; Robert R. Ryan, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, 10.
- DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. McKie, W. W. Schwartz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays. 12, 10.
- CHAS. McLEON, No. 163—Hugh H. McKie, Chief; Alexander McKie, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays. 12, 10.
- NEWPORT LODGE, No. 28, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays. 12, 10.

Local Matters.

Street Railway Changes.

Important steps have been taken recently to bring about radical changes to the Newport and Providence Railway which operates the electric line between Newport and Bristol Ferry and also the ferry to Bristol. An alliance has been effected with the Providence & Fall River Street Railway which operates the line between the two cities, and it is planned that connections will be established between the two for through travel between Newport and Providence, instead of transferring the passengers to the New Haven trams at Bristol as now. It is planned to run the ferry to the Bristol light house instead of to Bristol harbor as at present, building a new electric road over the hill to connect with the Providence and Fall River line. Connection will also be established with the new through line to Boston now in process of construction so that the trip from Boston to Newport by trolley can be made in about three hours.

Bristol people are much interested in the proposed changes and there has been some opposition manifested there, but it is quite possible that when the matter is more thoroughly looked into they may regard it differently.

At the annual meeting of the license commission on Wednesday evening, organization for the new year was effected by the election of John Mahan as chairman and Arthur B. Comerford as secretary. The application for a transfer of the license of Winslow Baxter to North Commercial wharf was granted, and the application of the Protective Club for a club license was refused.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Abbie Eaton Greene of this city and Mr. John S. Pauser, 2 d. of Providence. Miss Greene is a recent graduate of the Training School for Nurses at the Newport Hospital. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Greene of Barrington, and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Eaton of this city.

Most of the city officers elected by the council at its meeting Monday evening have qualified by taking the oath before City Clerk Fullerton. There were few new faces seen in the office, nearly all the old officers being re-elected.

Mr. John W. Gibson is spending a few days in New York.

City Government Inaugurated.

Large Attendance at Meetings of the Representative Council—Few Changes Made in the List of City Officers.

Newport's new city government was inaugurated with the usual ceremonies at noon on Monday, when Mayor Boyle, the five members of the board of aldermen and the new members of the representative council took the oath of office for another year. There was considerable greenery about the building and there was a large attendance of spectators. As the day was generally regarded as a holiday there were rather more people than usual about the building, and nearly all the members of the council were in their seats.

The noon meeting was a short one, devoted wholly to inauguration and organization. The afternoon session was given over to routine business and lasted about two hours, and at the evening meeting the contest for city offices was on. There were comparatively few changes made and the day's business was free from undue excitement.

City Clerk Fullerton called the meeting to order at noon and called for credentials of the new members, and then administered the oath to them. After the roll was called he asked for nominations for chairman of the council. There was but one nomination, Hon. Robert S. Burlingame, and the clerk cast one vote for him. Mr. Burlingame was then sworn in by the city clerk and took the chair. For the office of city clerk, F. N. Fullerton was re-elected without opposition, and was sworn in by the chairman. Mr. Burlingame announced the appointment of William H. Westcott as city messenger, and W. H. Wilcox as doorkeeper.

The Mayor and board of aldermen were then announced and Mayor Boyle took the oath of office, and in turn administered the oath to the members of the board. He then introduced Rev. Father O'Rourke, the chaplain of the day, who invoked the divine blessing.

Mayor Boyle then read his inaugural address as follows:

To the Honorable the Representative Council and the Honorable the Board of Aldermen: I am indebted to the city treasurer for the following statement of the financial condition of the public finances at the close of the fiscal year, December 31, 1910:

Bonds and debt	\$1,043,000.00
Unpaid coupons	60,000.00
Sinking fund	1,020.00
Reserve fund	317,129.28
Expenses for 1910	87,788.35
Cash on hand December 31, 1910	62,124.43
Annual appropriations, 1910	65,575.81
Estimated surplus for 1911	10,000.00

There was a decrease in the city debt during 1910 of \$24,000, which amount included \$10,000 of the bonded debt and \$14,000 of the floating indebtedness, which was a result of the introduction of the sinking fund, of \$74,788.35.

The Commissioners of the Sinking Fund have been successful in placing the fund on a first-class basis, with greater financial profit to the city over the former methods of depositing this fund in the banks. The report of the commission on the subject is presented to you, in a variety of careful detail.

The introduction during the past year of what is known as the "unit" method of bookkeeping upon an advanced plan. This system consists of a separate and distinct system and classification of expenditures, and results in a more accurate and complete record of the city's business in any or all departments is conducted in either an economical or extravagant manner.

The settlement of the suits pending to court with regard to the Washington street boulevard is approaching completion. Being the first case of its kind, it is of great importance to the city, and the financial means of cooperation with the United States navy officials for the building of this highway. Already the United States government has expended considerable money in the construction of this part of the boulevard, and is now awaiting action by the city before it can begin the construction of its part of the boulevard. It is hoped that the work could be commenced as soon as weather conditions permit.

Thames Street roadbed should receive your early attention. Its present condition is dangerous for travel and causes a noisy interruption of business. As to the method of treating the roadbed, it is the duty of the city to have the best advice of the appointment of a committee for that purpose. It is very evident that some kind of a top dressing is necessary for safe traveling and for the profitable use of the road for business.

There is a growing demand for granite sidewalks, many petitions for the same being on file in the City Hall, and it would seem to be but fair and just that the city should be made to contribute towards the cost of the sidewalks in the same way that it has contributed towards the cost of the sidewalks in the past.

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and taxes free for a period of 15 years. If this suggestion is accepted it is safe to assume that we will have several applicants in the near future for the site and that a road will be located there in a matter of two years. It would also recommend that your honorable body take the necessary steps to cause the Old Colony Street Railway Company to extend their tracks to the Middlesex line, or at least, as far east as the bridge.

I would suggest that the Board of Aldermen be directed and empowered, early in the next session, to take steps to acquire for the city the site of the beach, in order that the best possible use may be secured.

Among the matters in connection with the street railway service which should receive your early attention is the extension of the Old Colony Street Railway tracks to the growing districts of the city, notably to the Carroll Avenue district of the Fifth ward, for which section of the city the need of street car facilities is very evident. Dissatisfaction is expressed by the local street car riders with the refusal of the local street car company to extend the tracks to the Carroll Avenue district of the Fifth ward, for which section of the city the need of street car facilities is very evident. Dissatisfaction is expressed by the local street car riders with the refusal of the local street car company to extend the tracks to the Carroll Avenue district of the Fifth ward, for which section of the city the need of street car facilities is very evident.

At the conclusion of the Mayor's inaugural, the Mayor and the board of aldermen withdrew. The minutes of the last previous meeting were read by the city clerk, after which Chairman Burlingame delivered a short address, expressing his thanks to the members of the council for the honor done him.

The resignation of Richard Muller as councilman from the fourth ward was accepted and the council then took a recess until 8 o'clock.

The board of aldermen in the meantime met and organized by the election of Alderman Shapley as president.

The afternoon session of the council was largely devoted to the transaction of routine matters, there being many items of business to be considered at the beginning of the year.

The election of Michael Stoumenau as member of the council from the fourth ward to fill a vacancy was announced and he took the oath before the city clerk. A communication from the Chief of Police recommending increases of salary for the janitor of the police station and the driver of the patrol wagon, was received, and a resolution was passed fixing these salaries at \$800 each.

A petition from members of the police force who have served less than five years was read, and the petition and accompanying ordinance were referred to the committee of 25, but were afterward recalled and passed.

The resolution fixing the salaries of certain city officers was taken up, and a few increases were made. The city treasurer received a raise from \$1800 to \$2000, and the assistant from \$1900 to \$2000. The collector of taxes was raised to \$1800 from \$1500, and the chief of police was raised to \$1700 from \$1500.

The other salaries remained the same as heretofore.

The equal resolutions were passed, directing the board of aldermen to secure proposals for receiving city deposits and paying checks, for printing the city manual, to secure proposals and contract for forage, fuel, carting crushed stone, etc. The city treasurer was authorized to issue notes for sums borrowed in anticipation of the payment of taxes. The board of aldermen was authorized to fill vacancies in the fire department between sessions of the council. The city clerk was authorized to prepare the City Documents for publication and the board of aldermen to contract for the same.

A resolution was passed making appropriations for the months of January and February, or until the committee of 25 reports. The total amount of this appropriation was \$31,589.79, including \$900 for the purchase of three new horses for the fire department. There was some talk about this last item, a request for such expenditure having been sent by the board of firewards and referred to the committee of 25. Chairman Burlingame ruled, in response to Dr. Brackett, that the board had the right to purchase the horses without awaiting the report of the committee.

A communication from the board of firewards asking that the General Assembly be requested to amend the law, so that there should be but three firewards instead of four, was laid on the table temporarily. Another communication suggested an increase of 25 cents a day in the pay of the permanent members of the department, and this increase was granted, a roll call being taken. The petition of the policemen for an increase was then taken from the table and passed after some discussion.

A resolution was passed directing the board of aldermen to take steps toward securing a new storekeeper and report back to the council. Several petitions were referred to the committee of 25, and a resolution was passed referring all matters on the table from the last council to that committee. An amendment to the health ordinance, placing infantile paralysis on the list of contagious diseases to be reported, was adopted. The city treasurer was authorized to draw the interest from the Tourist fund and the Tourist Synagogue fund. Various annual reports were read by title and received by the council.

A petition was presented from William F. Adams, protesting against the seating of J. Alton Barker as a member of the council on the ground that he was not a legal resident of Newport. The petition was laid on the table. Shortly after 6 o'clock a recess until 8 o'clock was taken.

At the evening session there was a large crowd of members and spectators, the galleries being crowded and the democratic chamber being completely filled. There were but five members of the council absent, although long before the election was over the members began to drift out. There were contests for many offices, but few changes were made. The only one of importance being the displacing of John M. Eriksen from the tax assessors. One ballot was found to be fraudulent, there being one more vote cast than there were members present, and on the next ballot each member was required to cast his vote as his name was called on the roll. After that there seemed to be less trouble.

There was some little business to be transacted before proceeding to the election. A resolution was passed endorsing the bill for pensioning life savers, now before Congress. The protest against the seating of J. Alton Barker was called from the table, and referred to a special committee of five for investigation and report. A resolution was passed directing certain of the important city officers to attend meetings of the council. A resolution was passed directing the committee of 25 to give at least three public hearings on matters before them, at which citizens may wish to speak. Several petitions for grasspitting sidewalks were referred to the committee of 25.

The recommendation of the board of firewards that the number of firewards be reduced from four to three was taken from the table, and the resolution directing the city solicitor to urge the passage of the act by the General Assembly was adopted.

The business of electing city officers was then taken up, and five tellers were appointed for the long struggle. The first contest was for the office of city solicitor, when Jeremiah A. Sullivan received 102 votes to 88 for Max Levy. There were three candidates for street commissioner. J. K. Sullivan, Stanton Chase, and J. J. Dugan, and Mr. Sullivan was elected on the fourth ballot, one ballot being thrown out because there were more votes than members present.

For judge of probate Judge Burke received 100 votes to 88 for M. A. Sullivan. For collector of taxes, E. W. Higbee defeated W. E. Mumford, 100 to 88. For assessor of taxes there were four candidates, John M. Friend, Edward O. Riggs, J. Z. Lawton, and James E. Blake. On the third ballot Blake was elected. R. L. Oman was re-elected inspector of plumbing on the first ballot, against two opponents. For harbor master Thomas Shies was given 184 votes against two opponents.

There was a long contest over gatekeepers, and assistant, a new man being elected in the last place, John Deegan. Thomas B. Congdon was re-elected commissioner of sinking funds, being opposed by George H. Proud. There were many candidates for license commissioner, but on the third ballot, Hon. P. J. Murphy was re-elected. There were also contests for inspector of kerosene, sealer of weights and measures, and dog constable, but no changes were made. For commissioner of the Henderson Home, four members were elected without opposition, and for the fifth place R. R. Barker received 99 votes to 14 for T. T. Pitman. There were no further contests.

The officers elected were as follows: City Clerk—F. N. Fullerton, \$2,600. City Treasurer—John M. Taylor, \$2,000. City Solicitor—Jeremiah A. Sullivan, \$1,500. Street Commissioner—Jeremiah K. Sullivan, \$1,500. Judge of Probate—John C. Burke, \$1,000. Probate Clerk—Duncan A. Hazard, \$1,500. Collector of Taxes—Edward W. Higbee, \$1,800. City Engineer—William H. Lawton, \$1,600. Inspector of Buildings—Mortimer D. Sullivan, \$1,200. Assessor of Taxes (three years)—James E. Blake, \$400 per year. City Physician—John H. Sanborn, M. D., \$1,500. City Sergeant—William H. Westcott, \$400 (also city messenger, \$500). Inspector of Plumbing—Robert L. Oman, \$1,200. Inspector of Nuisances—George C. Shaw, \$900. Harbor Master—Thomas Shies, \$600. Superintendent of City Canteen—Boscoe B. Sweet, \$800. Gate Keeper at Elm and Fourth Streets—William H. Ackers, \$300. Gate Keeper at Poplar and Fourth Streets—William H. H. Barker, \$300. Assistant Gate Keeper—John Deegan, \$300.

Overseers of the Poor—Robert Kerr, Edward S. Peckham, Philip E. Clark. Commissioner of the Sinking Fund—Thomas B. Congdon (three years). Keeper of City Asylum—(Nominated by Overseers)—Ira W. Wilton \$900. Member of License Commission, (3 years)—Patrick J. Murphy, \$200. Member of Board of Health (five years)—Rufus E. Darragh, M. D. Assistant Engineer of Fire Department—passed. Keeper of City Clocks—George M. Shapley, \$50. Inspector of Kerosene—John J. Connell (fees). Sealer of Weights and Measures—John J. Connell (fees). Dog Constable—Casius U. Hallock, (fees). Surveyor of Highways—Jeremiah K. Sullivan. City Surveyors of Land—Joseph P. Coffin, William H. Lawton, William P. Bulfinch, Roland J. Eiston. Surveyors of Round Timber and Spurs—William M. Arnold. Commissioner of Newport School Fund, (for three years)—Henry C. Sieveur, Jr. Fence Viewer—Thomas H. Reagan. Pound Keeper—Henry C. Johnson, (fees). Keeper of Powder House—Chief engineer of the department. Board of Commissioners of Henderson Home—Rev. William H. Meenan, T. Fred Kaull, Hon. Darius Barker, Thomas B. Congdon, Ralph R. Barker. Superintendents to Superintend the Building of Chimneys and Placing Stoves and Stovepipes—Wm. K. Covell, Thomas Sharp, John K. Walsh, Ulysses G. Nason, Patrick F. Cassidy, J. Irving Shapley, James H. Hart. Constables under the General State Law and authorized to serve Civil Process—William J. Dunbar, William F. Adams, Joseph W. Sampson, Eugene C. O'Neill, Cornelius C. Moore, Ralph P. Rogers, George C. Shaw, Mortimer D. Sullivan, Walter B. Langley, George A. Fritchard. Constables of Woods—William F. Barlow, Benjamin F. Dawley. Weighers of Coal and Other Merchandise—David T. Pinninger, Joseph P. Perry, George H. Taylor, Hugh Elliott, Dennis J. Sullivan, William A. Barker, Henry B. Mauvel, Francis M. Sisson, John Allen, E. B. Smith, John D. Braman, Seth W. M. Bantene, Fernando Barker, James P. Hughes, Thomas J. Boyle, Kenneth McLeish, Patrick H. Welch, William E. Williams, Edward S. Peckham, B. Clarence Brown, Thomas E. Sherman, Julius Burdick, Robert S. Hayes, Michael J. Borun, William Lennon. Gauger of Casks—John J. Connell. Keeper of Fish—George H. Draper. Auditors—Eugene C. O'Neill, Joseph B. Parousage, Fred W. Greene, George H. Taylor, William F. Adams, John Mahan, Herbert L. Dyer, George S. Flagg, Jonathan Aster, Jr. Undertakers—John B. Langley, Samuel W. Marsh, Andrew K. McMatson, Frederick P. Lee, James A. Dunphy, Robert C. Cottrell, Patrick H. O'Neill, Frederick E. Langley, Richard H. Freeborn, Edward J. O'Neill.

After the election was over a resolution was introduced appropriating \$800 for ringing the bells at the same places and times as formerly. A roll call vote was taken and the resolution was passed. A resolution was passed for the appointment of a committee of five to report a site for the new police station.

Chairman Burlingame announced the appointment of the committee of 25 as follows:

Ward 1—Robert Kerr, George W. Bachelier, Jr., J. Harry Brown, John M. Friend, Robert C. Foster. Ward 2—Thomas B. Congdon, Herbert L. Dyer, Harold A. Brackett, Joseph P. Coffin, William R. Harvey. Ward 3—Charles A. Brackett, Christopher E. Barker, Ralph R. Barker, Edward A. Sherman, Max Levy. Ward 4—Daniel B. Fearling, John P. Casey, Peter Frazier, Bruce Butterlin, William H. Clarke. Ward 5—John P. Hammond, Michael J. Murphy, George E. Bowman, John E. O'Neill, J. H. Harrington. Then, at 12:25, the Council adjourned to the call of the chair.

The officers elected for the various city positions are as follows:

Superior Court.

Tuesday was motion day in the Superior Court, Judge Baker being present to attend to the business presented by the attorneys. There was a matter regarding the construction of the will of Thomas Cremin, involving a small estate. This the court thought ought to go to the Supreme Court for interpretation, but the case was allowed to rest in the hope that agreement might be reached and the expense saved.

The appeal of Mrs. Fletcher from the decision of the Newport board of aldermen in condemning land for a boulevard was called up and the question as to method of procedure was raised. The court took the matter under consideration. Alfred G. Chaffee of Providence was approved as master to hear the matter of re-investment of the trust estate of the late Alexander G. Mercer.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah K. Sullivan observed their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary at the Aquidneck on Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan received, assisted by their two daughters, and then there was dancing in the ball room. Refreshments were served and it was a late hour when the party broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan were the recipients of many pretty gifts in honor of the anniversary.

The ponds seem to have got past the danger mark as the rains of the early part of the week helped them immensely. The water in the large ponds has raised several feet.

Several Sudden Deaths.

Nathaniel R. Swinburne.

Mr. Nathaniel R. Swinburne, for many years cashier of the First National Bank, died very suddenly at his home on Bliss road last Sunday morning. Although his health had not been of the best for the past few years he had been able to be around as usual and there was no indication of a termination of his life. He was stricken Saturday evening while in the kitchen of his home, and although medical aid was at once summoned there was little that could be done for him and he passed away early Sunday morning. He was 72 years of age.

Mr. Swinburne was a well known Newporter and was educated in the public schools of this city. His first employment was in a coal office here and he afterward entered the employ of the First National Bank. There he passed practically his whole business life, rising to the position of cashier, which office he held at the time that the bank was consolidated with the Trust Company and went out of existence as a separate institution. He was also treasurer of the Oddfellow Savings Bank, which was a part of the consolidation.

Mr. Swinburne is survived by a sister, Miss Elizabeth Swinburne, and a niece, Miss Susan W. Swinburne, who made her home with him. He was a brother of the late George W. Swinburne.

Mr. Swinburne was a man of simple tastes and sterling character. He was long an active member of the Central Baptist Church and had filled many important offices therein.

Stacey E. Westall.

Mr. Stacey E. Westall, a well known business man of this city, died suddenly last Saturday night as the result of an apoplectic shock which he suffered a few hours before. He had been in apparently good health until Saturday afternoon and his sudden death came as a great shock to his many relatives and friends. He was in his sixty-eighth year.

Mr. Westall was born in England and his early life was passed on the sea. He first came to Newport as captain of a schooner and liking the place decided to settle here. Many years ago he opened an ice cream establishment on the Point, and this had acquired a reputation, extending even to other parts of the State. About a year ago he decided to branch out, and open another store of the same kind on Broadway.

Mr. Westall was a man highly esteemed by all who knew him. He had a host of friends, especially in the section of the city where he had lived and done business for so long, all of whom were devoted to his interests. He was better known to them as "Joe" Westall than by his own name, the nicknames being one that he acquired while he followed the sea and which always followed him.

He is survived by a widow and seven children, Mrs. Edward P. Gossling, Mrs. Lincoln Hammett, Miss Anolis May Westall, Mrs. Frank Keeley, and Charles A., Stacey E. and William B. Westall. He was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M.

Benjamin U. Carr.

Mr. Benjamin U. Carr, for many years Newport's "peony post" and afterward one of the first letter carriers attached to the Newport postoffice for the free delivery of mail, died Wednesday morning after a long illness. Mr. Carr delivered letters as a private venture for a number of years, depending upon the receipts for his remuneration, but when the free delivery system was instituted in 1882 that form of employment was at an end. His services were at once demanded in the new delivery and although he was not at first eager to assume the new duties he was finally prevailed upon to accept a position as one of the first five of the paid carriers attached to the Newport office. He retired many years ago, when his health would no longer permit him to carry on his task.

Mr. Carr was an active member and Past Grand of Rhode Island Lodge, I. O. O. F., and was the oldest surviving member of that lodge, having joined in 1833. He is survived by one son, Ferdinand Carr, and one daughter, Mrs. Edward L. Hildreth.

Timothy B. O'Connell.

Mr. Timothy B. O'Connell, well known among the boating men and others of this city, died suddenly last Saturday night, following an apoplectic shock. He was a County Kerry man, but had lived in this country for more than thirty years, the greater part of which time was spent in Newport. He was for a time engaged in the liquor business but of late had given his attention to the sale of boating supplies and equipment. He was of a genial nature and was always ready to lend assistance to any in distress.

Mr. Walter Dennis is enjoying an extended visit to New York, Philadelphia, and other places.

# The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

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HARPER &amp; BROTHERS

## CHAPTER XXII.

FOR nearly an hour Lloyd Emerson sat alone on the deck of the Grande Dame, a prey to conflicting emotions, the while he waited for Mildred to appear. There was no one to dispute his presence now, for the tourists who had followed Dr. Berry from the shore in hushed excitement avoided him, and the sailors made no effort to carry out their earlier instructions; hence he was allowed opportunity to adjust himself to the sudden change. It was not so much the unexpected downfall of Willis Marsh and the new light thus thrown upon his own enterprise that upset him as a puzzling alteration in his own purposes and inclinations. He had come out to the yacht defiantly to make good his threat and to force an understanding with Mildred Wayland, but now that he was here and his way made easy he began to question his own desires. Now that he thought about it that note, instead of filling him with dismay, had rather left him relieved. It was as if he had been freed of a burden, and this caused him a vague uneasiness. Was it because he was tired by the struggle for the right for which he had labored so faithfully? After three years of unrelenting devotion was he truly relieved to have her dismiss him? Or was it that here in this primal country, stripped of all conventions, he saw her and himself in a new light? He did not know.

The late twilight was fading when Mildred came from her stateroom. She found Lloyd pacing the deck, a cigar between his teeth.

"Where are these people?" she inquired.

"They went ashore. Marsh doesn't care to press a charge against the Indian."

"I hear he is not badly hurt, after all."

"That is true. But it was a close shave."

Mildred shuddered. "It was horrible."

"I never dreamed that Constantine would do such a thing, but he is more Russian than Aleut, and both he and his sister are completely under the spell of the priest. They are intensely religious, and their idea of damnation is very vivid."

"Have you seen father?"

"We had a short talk."

"Did you make up?"

"No. But I think he is beginning to understand things better—at least as far as Marsh is concerned. The rest is only a matter of time."

"What a frightful situation! Why did you ever let father announce my engagement to that man?"

Emerson gazed at her in astonishment. "Pardon me! How could I help it?"

"You might have avoided quarrelling with him, I think you are very inconsiderate of me."

Boyd regarded the coat of his cigar with a slight gleam of amusement in his eyes as she ran on:

"Even that woman took occasion to humiliate me in the worst possible way."

"It strikes me that she did you a very great service. I have no doubt it was quite as distasteful to her as to you."

"Absurd! It was her chance for revenge, and she rejoiced in making me ridiculous."

"Then it is the first ignoble thing I ever knew her to do," said Boyd slowly. "She has helped me in a hundred ways. Without her assistance I could never have won through. That cannery site would still be grown up to moss and trees, and I would still be a disheartened dreamer."

"It's very nice of you, of course, to appreciate what she has done. But she can't help you any more. You surely don't intend to keep up your acquaintance with her now." He made no reply, and, taking his silence for agreement, she went on: "The trip home will be terribly dull for me, I'm afraid. I think—yes, I shall have father ask you to go back with us."

"But I am right in the midst of the run. I can't leave the business."

"Oh, business! Do you care more for business than for me? I don't think you realize how terribly hard for me all this has been. I'm still frightened. I shall die of nervousness without some one to talk to."

"It's quite impossible! I don't want to go back now."

"Indeed! And no doubt it was impossible for you to come out here last night for the same reason."

"It was. The fish struck in and I could not leave."

"It was that woman who kept you?" cried Mildred. "It is because of her that you refuse to leave this country?"

"Please don't," he said quietly. "I have never thought of her in that way."

"Then come away from this wretched place. I detest the whole country—the fisheries, the people, everything. This isn't your proper sphere. Why not come away now, at once, and begin something new, something worth while?"

"Do you realize the hopes, the heartaches, the vital effort I have put into this enterprise?" he questioned.

But she only said:

"I don't like it. It isn't a nice business. Let father take the plant over."

"If you need money, I have plenty."

"Wait!" he interrupted sharply. "Sit down. I want to talk to you."

He drew the wrap closer about her shoulders and led her to a deck chair. The

change in him was becoming more apparent. He knew now that he had never felt the same since his first meeting with Mildred upon the arrival of the Grande Dame. Even then she had repelled him by her lack of sympathy. She had shown no understanding of his efforts, and now she revealed as complete a failure to grasp his code of honor. It never occurred to her that any loyalty of man to man could offset her spiteful will. She did not see that his desertion of George would be nothing short of treachery.

It seemed to him all at once, that they had little in common. She was wrapped completely in the web of her own desires. She would make her prejudices a law for him. Above all, she could not respond to the exaltation of his success. She had no conception of the pride of accomplishment that is the wine of every true man's life. He had waged a bitter fight that had sapped his very soul; he had made and won the struggle that a man makes once in a lifetime, and now, just when he had proved himself strong and fair in the sight of his fellows, she asked him to forego it all. Engrossed in her own egotism, she required of him a greater sacrifice than any he had made. Now that he had shown his strength she wanted to lead him down with golden fetters—to make him a dependent. Was it because she feared another girl? She had tried to help him, he knew—in her way—and the thought of it touched him. That was like the Mildred he had always known—to act fearlessly, heedless of what her father might do or say. Somehow he had never felt more convinced of the sincerity of her love, but he found himself thinking of it as of something of the past. After all, what she had done had been little, considering her power. She had given carelessly out of her abundance, while Cherry—He saw it all now, and a sudden sense of loyalty and devotion to the girl who had really shared his struggles swept over him in a warm tide. It was most unlike his distant worship of Mildred. She had been his dream, but the other was bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.

For a long time the two sat talking while these thoughts took gradual form in the young man's mind, and, although the deck was deserted, Miss Wayland had now no need to curb her once headstrong wooer.

He could not put into words the change that was working in him, but she saw it, and, grasping its meaning at last, she began to battle like a mother for her child. His awakening had been slow, and hers was even slower, but once she found her power over him waning he grew to answer her and grew as he failed to answer to her half spoken appeal.

Womanlike, she capitulated at last. What matter if he stayed here where his hopes were centered? This life to the north had claimed him, and she would wait until he came for her. But still he did not respond, and it was not long until she had persuaded herself that his battle with the wilderness had put red blood into his veins and that his conduct had been no worse than that of other men. Finally she tried to refer these thoughts, but she only led him to a stiff denial of the charges she wished to forgive. As she saw him slipping further away from her she summoned all her arts to rekindle the flame which had burned so steadily, and when these failed she surrendered every prejudice. It was his love she wanted. All else was secondary. At last she knew herself. She could have cried at the sudden realization that he had not kissed her since their parting in Chicago, and when she saw he had no will to do so the memory of his last embrace arose to torture her. She was almost glad when a launch bringing her father came from the shore and the old man joined them.

The two men bore themselves with unending formality, unable as yet to forget their mutual wrongs. The interruption gave Boyd the opportunity he had not been brave enough to make, and he bade them both goodbye, for the tide was at its flood, and the hour of their departure was at hand.

There was a meaningless exchange of words and a handshake in the glare from the cabin light that showed Mildred's pallid lips and frightened eyes. Then Emerson went over the side, and the darkness swallowed him up.

The girl clutched at her father's arm, standing as if frozen while the creak of rowlocks grew fainter and fainter and died away. Then she turned.

"You see, he came!" she said.

The old man saw the agony that blanched her cheeks and answered gently:

"Yes, daughter! He struggled with himself. And if you wish it he may come again."

"But he won't come again. That is what makes it so hard; he will never come back."

She turned away, but not quickly enough to keep him from seeing that her eyes were wet. Wayne Wayland beheld what he would have given half his mighty fortune to prevent. He cried out angrily, but she anticipated his thought.

"No, no, you must never injure him again, for he was right and we were wrong. You see I couldn't understand."

He left her staring into the night and walked heavily below.

Emerson felt a great sense of relief and deliverance as he leaned against his oars. His heart sang to the murmur of the waters overhead. For the

first time in many months he felt young and free. How blind he had been and how narrow had been his escape from a life that could lead to but one result! The girl was sweet and good and wonderful in many ways, but three years had altered him more than he had realized. He had begun to understand himself that very afternoon, when Cherry had told him her own unhappy secret. The shock of her disclosure had roused him from his dream, and once he was free to see himself as he really was the rest had come quickly. He had been doubtful even when he went out to the yacht, but what happened there had destroyed the last trace of uncertainty. He knew that for him there was but one woman in all the world. It was no easy battle he had fought with himself. He had been taught to respect the conventions, and he knew that Cherry's life had not been all he could wish. But he fronted the issue squarely and tried to throw the fabled prejudice. Although he had felt the truth of Fraser's arguments and of Cherry's own words, he had still refused to yield until his love for the girl swept over him in all its power; then he made his choice.

The one thing he found most difficult to accept was her conduct with Mildred. Those other charges against the girl were vague and shadowy, but this was concrete, and he was familiar with every miserable detail of it. It took all his courage to face it, but he swore savagely that if the conditions had been reversed, Cherry would not have faltered for an instant. Moreover, what she had done had been done for love of him. It was worse than vile, to hesitate. Her past was her own, and all he could rightfully claim was his future. He shut his teeth and laid his course resolutely for her landing, striving to leave behind this one hideous memory, centering his mind upon the girl herself and shutting out her past. It was the bitterest fight he had ever waged. But when he reached the shore and tied his skiff he was exalted by the knowledge that he had triumphed; that this painful episode was locked away with all the others.

Now that he had conquered he was filled with a consuming eagerness. As he stole up through the shadows he heard her playing, and when he drew nearer he recognized the notes of that song that had banished his own black desolation on the night of their first meeting. He paused outside the open window and saw by the shaded lamp-light that she was playing from memory, her fingers wandering over the keyboard without conscious effort. Then she took up the words with all the throbbing tenderness that lives in a deep contralto voice:

Last night I was dreaming of thee, love—  
I dreamed thou didst promise—

Cherry paused as if entranced, for she thought she heard another voice join with hers. Then she bowed her head and sobbed in utter wretchedness, knowing it for nothing more than her own fancy. Too many times, as in other twilights past, she had heard that mellow voice blend with hers, only to find that her ears had played her false and she was alone with a memory that would never die.

Of all the days of her life this was the saddest, this hour the loneliest, and the tears she had withheld so bravely as long as there was work to do came now in unbidden profusion.

To face those people on the yacht had been an act of pure devotion to Boyd, for her every instinct had rebelled against it. Yet she had known that some desperate stroke in his defense must be delivered instantly; otherwise the ruin of his hopes would follow. She had bit upon the device of using Constantine and Chakawana largely by chance, for not until the previous day had she learned the truth.



"BECAUSE I LOVE YOU."

She had not dared to hope for such unqualified success, nor had she foreseen the tragic outcome. She had simply carried her plan through to its natural conclusion. Now that her work was done she gave way completely and wept like a little girl. He was out there now with his love. They would never waste a thought upon that other girl who had made their happiness possible. The thought was almost more than she could bear. Neyer again could she have Boyd to herself, never enjoy his careless friendship as of old. Even that was over now that the first and only kiss he had ever given her burned fresh upon her lips. She recalled that evening when he had spent alone in this very room, when he had seemed to waver and her hopes had risen at the dawning of a new light in his eyes. At the memory she tried aloud as if her heart would break:

"Boyd! Boyd!"

He entered noiselessly and took her in his arms.

"Yes, dear!" he murmured. But she rose with a starved exclamation and wrenched herself from his embrace. The piano gave forth a discordant crash. Shrinking back as from an apparition, she stared into his flushed and smiling face, then breathed:

"You! Why are you here?"

"Because I love you."

She closed her eyes and away as it were from the spell of wonderful music. He saw the throbbing pulse at her throat. Then she flung out her hands, crying piteously:

"Go away, please, before I find it is only another dream."

She raised her lids to find him still standing there, then felt him with fluttering fingers.

"Our dreams have come true," he said gently and strove to imprison her hand.

"No, no!" Her voice broke wildly. "You don't mean it. You—you haven't come to stay!"

"I have come to stay if you will let me, dear."

She broke from his grasp and moved quickly away.

"Why are you here? I left you out there with—her. I made you my way clear. Why have you come back?"

"What more can I do? Dear God, what more can I do?" She was panting as if desperately frightened.

"There is but one thing more you can do to make me happy. You can be my wife."

"But I don't understand!" She shook her head hopelessly. "You are teasing me. You love Miss Wayland."

"No. Miss Wayland leaves tonight, and I shall never see her again."

"Then you won't marry her?"

"No."

A dull color rose to Cherry Malotte's cheeks. She swallowed as if her throat were very dry and said slowly:

"Then she refused you in spite of everything and you have come to me because of what I told you this afternoon. You are doing this out of pity, or is it because you are angry with her? No, no, Boyd! I won't have it. I don't want your pity; I don't want what she cast off."

"It has taken me a long time to find myself, Cherry, for I have been blinded by a vision," he answered. "I have been dreaming, and I never saw clearly till today. I came away of my own free will, and I came straight to you, because it is I love and shall always love."

The girl suddenly began to beat her hands together.

"You forget what I have been!" she cried in a voice that tore her lover's heartstrings. "You can't want to marry me!"

"Tonight," he said simply and held out his arms to her. "I love you and I want you. That is all I know or care about."

He found her upon his breast, sobbing and shaking as if she had sought shelter there from some great peril. He buried his face in the soft masses of her hair, whispering fondly to her till her emotion spent itself. She turned her face shyly up at length and pressed her lips to his. Then, holding herself away from him, she said, with a half doubtful yet radiant look:

"It is not too late yet. I will give you one final chance to save yourself."

He shook his head.

"Then I have done my duty!" She snuggled closer to him. "And you have no regrets?"

"Only one. I am sorry that I can't give you more than my name. I may have to go out into the world and begin all over if Mr. Wayland carries out his threat. I may be the poorest of the poor."

"That will be my opportunity to show how well I love you. You can be no poorer than I in this world's goods."

"You at least have your copper mine."

"I have no mine," said the girl, "not even the smallest interest in one."

"But I don't understand."

She dropped her eyes. "Mr. Hilliard is a hard man to deal with. I had to give him all my share in the claims."

"I suppose you mean you sold out to him."

"Not when I found you could not raise the money I gave him my share in the mine. With that as a consideration he made you the loan. You are not angry, are you?"

"Angry?" Emerson's tone conveyed a supreme gladness. "You don't know how happy you have made me."

"Thank!" She laid a finger upon his lips. Through the breathless night there came the faint rumble of a ship's chains.

"The Grande Dame!" he cried. "She sails at the flood tide."

They stood together in the open doorway of the little house and watched the yacht's lights as they described a great curve through the darkness, then slowly faded into nothingness down the bay. Cherry drew herself closer to Boyd.

"What a wonderful Providence guides us, after all!" she said. "That girl had everything in the world, and I was poor—so poor—until this hour. God grant she may some day be as rich as I!"

Out on the Grand Dame the girl who had everything in the world maintained a lonely vigil at the rail, straining with fragile eyes until the somber shadows that marked the shores of the land she feared had shrunk to a faint, low lying streak on the horizon. Then she turned and went below, numbed by the knowledge that she was very poor and very wretched and had never understood.

THE END.

## A Pretty Busy Man.

When a man's business prohibits his caring for the children, when his affairs become so important that he can no longer shake down the furnace, help dress one of the children or tinker about the place with a hammer and saw, then that man's business had better be put into the hands of a receiver temporarily; his books do not balance, says Dallas Lore Sharp in the Atlantic. I know of a college president who used to bind the may still a cold compress about his head at times and, lying prone upon the floor, have two readers, one for each ear, read simultaneously to him different theses, so great was the work he had to do, so fierce his fight for time, time to lecture to women's clubs and to write his epoch making books.

Oh, the multitude of epoch making books!

## THE "HEATHEN CHINEE"

And the Cards Bret Harte Wrote into His Flowing Sleeves.

Every one who knows American poetry is familiar with Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," written in the early seventies at the time when the feeling on the Pacific coast ran high against the mild eyed Celestials and voicing that feeling by portraying the hero, if such a term may be applied to him, as a crafty card cheating villain who outwits the sharps of the California mining camps.

It is not generally known, however, that the poem is unique in that it contains an error which the author failed to detect when reading the galley proofs and which survived and still survives all attempts at correction. Perhaps it is the only instance in literature where a grossly patent error in the copy reading of an afterward famous article, whether prose or poem, has persisted through numerous editions despite all efforts of author and editor to kill it.

The poem was written while Bret Harte was employed on a San Francisco daily and, to him, was merely a part of the day's work. It tells of a Chinee, Ah Sin, who, "with a smile that was childlike and bland," sat in a game of euchre with Truthful James and Bill Nye.

At a crucial point of the game the artless Chinee plays the winning card, "which," says Truthful James, the narrator of the catastrophe, "the same Nye had dealt unto me!" Whereupon Truthful and Nye proceed to "go for that heathen Chinee." The damaging evidence disclosed by their rough and searching investigation is told as follows in the poem as it was printed—and has been printed ever since the initial publication:

In his sleeves, which were long, there were twenty-four packs. Which is coming it strong, yet I state but the facts.

In this form the busy Bret Harte let the proofs go down to the printer, and it was not until some time later that he recalled having overlooked an error in it. He hurried down to the press, but, already, several hundred copies had been struck off and were being distributed about the city to the morning subscribers. Bret Harte, attaching no importance to the fugitive verses, which had merely boozed from his pen the afternoon previous, made no effort at correction then. When, however, the eastern press enthusiastically copied it and publishers and illustrators rang all manner of comic changes in it he tried to substitute the correct phrase, but without avail, and "The Heathen Chinee" has persisted in its original form through numberless editions ever since.

What Bret Harte wrote was:

In his sleeves, which were long, he had twenty-four packs.

Now, in the game of euchre, as all card players know, the packs are of great value, and the stuffing of numberless jacks up his flowing sleeves, as the poet intended to sing, showed great astuteness on the part of Ah Sin. The uncorrected error of the compositor, who set up "packs" instead of "jacks," still left enough of sense to pass muster when embodied between the contexts.

The poet, after years of fruitless endeavor, finally gave up all hope and resigned himself to the butchered reading.—New York Times.

## Mule Riding in Portugal.

In bold contrast to the modern rush and heek of the automobile and the clang of the trolley cars are the salutes or small farmers of Portugal, who ride nonchalantly through the twentieth century babble on the back—the extreme back—of small, patient eyed mules. Though the country has progressed and the farmers are progressing toward prosperity, they have consistently refused to move farther forward on the mule's back in Portugal than the last fifth of his anatomy. Perhaps the custom arose from the time when the mule carried a large load just before the rider and the habit has not been broken.—Christian Herald.

## Hugo's Practical Side.

It may not be generally known that Victor Hugo used to draft the advertisements of his own books, instead of leaving the task to his publishers. His correspondence with his Belgian publishers gives the following example of the great novelist's advertising style: "After the middle ages, the present time: Such is the subject of Victor Hugo's double study. What he did for Gothic art in 'Notre Dame de Paris' that he has done for the modern world in 'Les Misérables.' The two books figure in his scheme of work as two mirrors reflecting the whole human life." An encouraging example to those young authors who cannot make up their minds how much modesty is enjoined by the best literary traditions.—London Globe.

Why They Got the Freedom of the City. Extracts from old records, showing how people had earned the honor in former days, were read at Canterbury by Alderman Mason when the mayor and ex-mayor were granted the freedom of the city. One citizen received the freedom for "undertaking to serve as cook at every mayor's Michaelmas feast," another "because he cured Nicholas Johnson's leg" and a third "because he married a widow with a large family."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Many Sided Kicks of the Camel. A camel's hind legs will reach anywhere—over his head, round his chest and on to his hump. Even when lying down an evil disposed animal will shoot out his legs and bring you to a sitting posture if he wants to. Compared with a camel, a mule is really a most considerate knicker, so beware when the camel looks as if he is going to kick.—New York World.

Masculine Perversity. Men are funny creatures to cater for. A woman will buy the things she wants, but a man will only buy the things he needs.—Exchange.

When the light begins within himself a man's worth something.—Browning.

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Wickford Junc. 11:40 2:35 7:01 9:30

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For tickets, staterooms, parlor car seats, apply at City ticket office, 320 Thames St., at Wharf Offices and Purser's office on steamers.

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## Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Time Table.

In Effect July 1, 1910.

Subject to change without notice.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, week days 6:30 a. m., then every thirty minutes, until 10:30 p. m., then 11:30 p. m.

Sundays, 7:00 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10:30 p. m., then 11:30 p. m.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, week days 6:30 a. m., then every thirty minutes, until 10:30 p. m., then 11:30 p. m.

Sundays 6:50 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10:30 p. m., then 11:30 p. m.

## NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 19, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6:00 a. m., 8:30 a. m., and 10:30 a. m., then every 15 minutes, until 10:30 p. m., then 11:30 p. m.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 6:22 a. m., 8:52 a. m., and 10:52 a. m., then every 15 minutes, until 10:30 p. m., then 11:30 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for the Beach 6:30 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10:30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner 6:45 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10:45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Frankland Street for One Mile Corner 6:45 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11:15 p. m. Sundays 6:55 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Frankland Street for Morton Park 6:45 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11:15 p. m. Sundays 6:55 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Frankland Street 6:22 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11:22 p. m. Sundays 6:32 a. m., then same as week days.

Subject to change without notice.

GEORGE F. BEIBEL, General Superintendent.

C. L. DISBREE, Division Superintendent.

## New York, New Haven &amp; Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect Oct. 1, 1910.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston, week days 6:45 a. m., 9:02 a. m., 11:02 a. m., 1:02 p. m., 3:02 p. m., 5:02 p. m., 7:02 p. m., 9:02 p. m., 11:02 p. m.

Leave Fall River for Newport, Taunton and Boston, week days 6:45 a. m., 9:02 a. m., 11:02 a. m., 1:02 p. m., 3:02 p. m., 5:02 p. m., 7:02 p. m., 9:02 p. m., 11:02 p. m.

Leave Newport for Taunton and Boston, week days 6:45 a. m., 9:02 a. m., 11:02 a. m., 1:02 p. m., 3:02 p. m., 5:02 p. m., 7:02 p. m., 9:02 p. m., 11:02 p. m.

Leave Taunton for Newport, Fall River and Boston, week days 6:45 a. m., 9:02 a. m., 11:02 a. m., 1:02 p. m., 3:02 p. m., 5:02 p. m., 7:02 p. m., 9:02 p. m., 11:02 p. m.

Leave Boston for Taunton, Fall River and Newport, week days 6:45 a. m., 9:02 a. m., 11:02 a. m., 1:02 p. m., 3:02 p. m., 5:02 p. m., 7:02 p. m., 9:02 p. m., 11:02 p. m.

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## GREAT SALT LAKE

## Puzzling Aspects of Utah's Wonderful Saline Sea.

## ONE OF NATURE'S MYSTERIES

Science Unable to Solve the Problem of Its Escaping Waters and Diminishing Area—The Maelstrom Near Antelope Island.

The Great Salt Lake of Utah continues to be one of the greatest mysteries of nature. For sixty years its rise and fall have been studied by scientists in an effort to account for the changes, but as yet they have reached no satisfactory solution of the problem as to what is the principal cause of the decrease in its depth.

Those familiar with its depth and the shrinking in its size each year, assert that at the end of twenty years or so the bed of the lake will be nearly all exposed, with the possible exception of a few shallow pools of water. Then perhaps the mystery connected with it will be solved.

In its dimensions the lake is really a sea, it being above seventy-five miles in length and fifty miles across at its greatest width, containing, therefore, over 2,000 square miles of surface.

Near the shores the water is so shallow that there are places where one may wade out from the beach for a distance of a mile, yet will not be immersed up to his shoulders.

The buoyancy of the water is such that it is almost impossible for one to remain on his feet at a greater depth, his body being lifted up as a strip of wood thrown into the water in a vertical or oblique direction like a dart is returned to the surface in a horizontal position.

Indeed, it is believed the Great Salt Lake will support more weight to a given volume of water than even the Dead Sea, to which in many respects it bears a striking similarity.

The large quantity of salt in solution is the principal reason for the buoyancy. As the lake recedes its bottom is shown to be composed of a heavy crust of salt, which is almost pure, lying upon a stratum that consists chiefly of sand. In this respect the bed of the lake is similar to some of the deserts in the southwest which once contained bodies of water equal in size to that in Utah or even larger.

It is known that the Great Salt Lake loses a large quantity of water yearly by evaporation, but estimates of this quantity indicate that it is far less than that annually poured into the lake from the rivers and creeks entering it.

So far as is known no natural outlet exists, but the lake supplies an irrigation system in the country adjacent that requires a quantity of water nearly equal to a depth of four inches of the present area. This is a very small proportion of the volume of water that enters it through its feeders, so the scientists know the water escapes in some other manner than by the irrigation canal or by evaporation.

This is proved by the fact that the increase in the quantity that enters the lake at a rainy season at times does not increase its depth, and the records show that actually it has fallen immediately after the Jordan and other streams have contributed a larger volume than usual.

Near what is called Antelope Island is an indication that a subterranean opening exists. Frequently the waters near the island are so violently disturbed that people in the vicinity call this place the "maelstrom" and carefully avoid it when on the lake in boats.

A number of years ago, it is said, a sailing vessel loaded with sheep chanced to approach too near the "maelstrom" and despite the strong breeze that was blowing the force of the water was greater than the power of the sails, the vessel being drawn into the middle of the disturbance and capsized. Although sheep are naturally strong swimmers and land was but a few hundred feet away, not one of the animals escaped and most of the carcasses went under never to appear again.

While the buoyancy of the water is so great that it will support a person without aid, the boats designed for use upon the lake must be constructed especially to counteract this feature. The ordinary wooden vessel when empty is actually too light to be navigated with safety upon it, since such a small portion of it would be immersed. Care must therefore be taken, especially in the building of sailboats, lest they be too heavy. For this reason navigation is dangerous on the lake even when there is only a moderate wind, unless the sailing vessel is loaded heavily so that it sits deep enough in the water to counteract the buoyant tendency. Newport Press.

## OLD CRIMINAL LAW.

When Prisoner's Counsel Was Not Allowed to Address the Jury.

It seems hardly credible that less than a century ago counsel were not allowed to address a jury in defense of a prisoner. Sydney Smith first preached against this cruel law.

He pointed out that, while in any court where property was concerned counsel was heard on both sides, in a court where human life was trembling in the balance only the prosecuting counsel was heard, and it was unfair to match a prisoner, unaccustomed to marshal facts and unable to speak, against skilled counsel, whose sole purpose for its own reputation was to win a case. Sydney Smith's eloquent words led to the passing of the prisoner's defense act, 1820, which altered the practice.

Another unjust practice which was peculiar to the Old Bailey was that when an accused person was acquitted he was obliged to pay the fees of Newgate or go back for want of money. So many unfortunate prisoners died in Newgate through this that Alderman Brown, lord mayor in 1733, caused an order of the court to be made that when any accused persons were acquitted by their country they should instantly be discharged in court without paying any fees whatever, an order which has been strictly adhered to ever since.

Of the challenging of jurors one remembers a tale from Ireland. The prisoner was hard to satisfy, and juryman after juryman was asked to leave the box. However, all things come to an end, even in Ireland, and at last the swearing of the jury was completed. And then the prisoner leaned over the dock and sought the ear of his solicitor. "The jury's all right now, I think," he whispered, "but, ye must challenge the judge. I've been convicted under him several times already, and maybe he's beginnin' to have a prejudice."—London Chronicle.

## OPEN AIR EXERCISE.

Always a Factor in the Building Up of a Man.

An athlete is like an acrobat—safe enough while going, but in danger the moment he stops, especially if he stops suddenly.

If the first great danger of athletics for the professional or business man, the brain worker and man of sedentary habits generally is not getting enough of them the record is like unto it—stopping them too soon. No little of the bad after effects so frequently ascribed to athletics in college and school life is really due to their sudden discontinuance after graduation.

The building of man is never finished until he is dead. His life is all in one piece, and what is good for him at one stage of his existence is, mutatis mutandis, good for him in all.

While man's mere stature and gross weight and even "horsepower" may have attained their maximum by twenty-two or twenty-three, the efficiency of both his mind and body for his particular life work ought to and under most circumstances does go on steadily increasing until he is fifty, fifty-five and even sixty years of age.

And the same health giving agency—exercise in the open air—which has been the very life secret of his structural growth and development is equally indispensable to his further functional development and growth in efficiency. We not merely limit our growth, but actually shorten our lives, by taking it for granted that we have reached our limit at a certain age or stage and may therefore drop the means of further progress—play in the open air. When we stop playing we stop growing.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Outlook.

## His Mark.

Edmond Rostand, the famous French playwright, was once the hero of an amusing episode. During a visit to a friend in the country M. Rostand was requested to accompany him to a mangle in order to register the friend's newborn infant. The adjunct of the mangle, a conscientious little man, booked the infant and then turned to M. Rostand as the first witness. "Your name, sir?" "Edmond Rostand."

"Your vocation?" "Man of letters and member of the French academy."

"Very well," replied the official; "you have to sign your name. Can you write? If not you may make a cross."

"The O'Clock."

The late Prince Francis of Teck was known in royal circles as The O'Clock.

The story goes that when Prince Francis was making his arrangements for hunting in Ireland he wrote to a forage dealer in County Meath with reference to the necessary supplies for his stud.

The man was greatly puzzled by the signature and at length, after anxious consideration, addressed his reply to Francis O'Teck, Esquire—London Graphic.

## Her Auto Driver.

Mrs. Kean wasn't exactly satisfied with her new maid.

"Don't you ever see your duster, Pauline?" she sternly inquired.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied Pauline absently; "I always use it when my chauffeur beau takes me riding!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Love and the Laundry.

"The only thing I find to say against you is that your washing bill is far too extravagant. Last week you had six boxes in the wash. Why, Jane, my own daughter never sends more than two."

"Ah, that may be, mum," replied Jane, "but I've got to! Your daughter's sweetheart is a bank clerk, while my young man is a chimney sweep. It makes a difference, mum."—London Tit-Bits.

## Cleaned Them Out.

First Girl—Was your bazzar a great success? Second Girl—I should think so. All the gentlemen had to walk home. They hadn't even a penny in their pockets to pay their tram fares.—London Tit-Bits.

## A CURIOUS BIRD.

The Crested Hoatzin When Hatched Has Four Legs.

The crested hoatzin of British Guiana is the only survivor of a certain race of birds most of which are now known only as fossils. The hoatzin inhabits the most secluded forests of South America, and its survival, beyond its congeners is doubtless owing to its retiring habits and to the fact that it feeds on wild arum leaves, which give its flesh a most offensive flavor, rendering it unfit for food.

The chief peculiarity of the hoatzin consists in the fact that when it is hatched it possesses four well developed legs. The young birds leave the nest and climb about like monkeys over the adjoining limbs and look more like tree toads than birds.

The modification of the fore limbs begins at once after hatching, when the claws of the digits fall off and the whole clawlike hand begins to flatten and become wing shaped. Feathers soon appear, and before full growth is reached not a vestige remains of the original character.

The adult birds not only have no claws upon their wings, but their thumbs even are so poorly developed that one would hardly suspect that in the nestlings we have the nearest approach to a quadruped found among existing birds.—London Tit-Bits.

## Tung Po and Teamaking.

There is but one way of making tea.

Unless the water boiling be poured on water spoils the tea.

The teapot itself should be heated very hot before the tea is placed in it and the boiling water poured on. It should be scalding-hot water or the leaves will float to the top.

No less authority than Tung Po, the Chinese poet, is quoted for a recipe for teamaking. He says: "Whenever tea is to be infused take water from a running stream and boil it over a lively fire. It is an old custom to use running water, boiled over a lively fire. That from springs in the hills is said to be best and river water the next, while well water is the worst. A lively fire is a clear, bright charcoal fire. When making an infusion do not boil the water too hastily. At first it begins to sparkle like crabs' eyes, then somewhat like fish's eyes, and lastly it boils up like pearls. Innumerable springing and waving about. This is the way to boil water."

## Touch Not the Queen.

Under this title a Paris journal professes to give an account of the tragic death of the queen of Siam, who was as greatly loved as her consort. Some years ago her majesty was boating with ladies of the court in a lake in the gardens of the palace at Bangkok. The boat overturned, and the queen could not swim. She was surrounded by numerous personages who could have saved her life, but no one has the right to extend the hand upon the queen. The king alone could have held her up and prevented her from sinking, and he was nowhere at hand. Respectfully the court allowed the queen to drown.

## Chippendale's Own.

"Is it genuine Chippendale?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"But this looks like a crack right across!"

"Done by Chippendale himself, sir, in a fit of rage when he heard the union had called the men out."—London Punch.

## The Other Was Important.

"Two great desires of my life have been gratified. One was to go up in an airship."

"And the other?"

"To get safely back to earth."—Exchange.

## A Real Pretty Excuse.

Bessie's Mother—Bessie, did you let that Mr. Snuggle have a kiss? Bessie—Yes, mamma. He said it would be a goodly kiss, and I was just dead anxious to have him go.—Puck.

The judicious reader of judicious advertisements always gets more than his money's worth.—Florida Times-Union.

## Two of a Kind.

"I told cat feller I was so flat broke I had to sleep outdoors," said Flooding Pete.

"Did it touch his heart?" asked Meandering Mike.

"No. He said he was doing the same thing and had to pay a doctor for telling him what a blissin' it was."—Washington Star.

## BURNT CORK.

The Paste Used by Minstrel Performers When "Blacking Up."

The popular impression as to the application of burnt cork by minstrel performers and actors in general is that it is rubbed on the face and hands of the player from a cork whose end is charred in a convenient gas jet. This impression is, however, incorrect. The burnt cork used by minstrels and actors is the product of the theatrical "paint factories," just as is any other cosmetic or pigment employed by the profession.

One house makes it in the following manner: The corks are placed in three tin vessels, resembling wash boilers, with holes punched in their sides and bottom. Alcohol is sprinkled over the corks, and they are "fired." When the corks have been properly charred they are placed in muslin sacks, which are kneaded in barrels of water. This operation forces the powdered charcoal through the sacks into the water.

When all the charred corks have been worked through the sacks into the water in this way the water is drained through a close canvas sack, and what remains in that sack is ready for the performers. The stuff is put up in cans, from which, when the minstrel is ready to "black up," he takes a little of the black-paste in his hands and applies it to his face, neck and sometimes his hands.—New York Herald.

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**CHARLES F. JOHNSON**  
He is Maine's New Sena-  
tor in Place of Senator Hale



**JOHNSON WILL  
SUCCEED HALE**  
Democrat to Represent Pine  
Tree State in the Senate  
FIRST IN SIXTY-THREE YEARS

Receives Sixty-Seven Votes in Cau-  
cus, Gardner Mustering Twenty-  
One and Pennell Seventeen—Granger  
Member of Legislature Declares  
That Former Master of State  
Grange Was "Crucified"

Augusta, Me., Jan. 5.—Charles F.  
Johnson of Waterville, Democratic  
candidate for governor of Maine in  
1892 and again in 1894, a member of  
the state board of legal examiners,  
and one of the most prominent law-  
yers in Maine, was nominated on the  
first ballot last night at the Demo-  
cratic caucus to succeed United States  
Senator Eugene Hale at the expiration  
of his term on March 4 next.

As the Maine legislature is safely  
Democratic, his nomination was  
equivalent to an election, and he will  
be the first Democrat to represent  
Maine since 1847.

Besides Johnson, the candidates for  
the United States senatorship nomi-  
nated were Obadiah Gardner of Rock-  
land, who two years ago lacked only  
about 7000 votes of being elected gov-  
ernor of Maine, and who for ten years  
was master of the state grange, Patrons of Husbandry, and William  
M. Pennell of Portland, who at the  
September election was barely de-  
feated for congress by Asber G.  
Hinds, in the First district.

The result of the ballot was as  
105; necessary for choice, 53. John-  
son had 67, Gardner 21 and Pennell  
17.

Representative Pearce of Edding-  
ton, a prominent granger, declared  
that the Democratic "machine" had  
"crucified Gardner, and that they  
were met either for the burial or the  
resurrection."

The Democrats have organized the  
legislature for the first time in a gen-  
eration. Frederick W. Plafsted was  
inaugurated governor today. The  
senate organized with the election of  
Nathan Clifford as president. Frank  
A. Morey was chosen speaker of the  
house.

**FOSS IS INAUGURATED**  
Parents, Wife and Twin Children of  
Governor Witness the Ceremony  
Boston, Jan. 6.—Eugene N. Foss  
was inaugurated governor of Massa-  
chusetts today. In the presence of  
ex-governors, prominent jurists and  
men of the highest standing in the  
affairs of the commonwealth, he took  
the oath of office administered by  
Chief Justice Alden.

At the moment that the governor  
finished his oath a battery of seven-  
teen guns was fired on Boston com-  
mon in accordance with the old cus-  
tom, announcing to the citizens of  
Massachusetts that the state has a  
new governor.

The inaugural address was delivered  
before both branches of the legisla-  
ture in the house of representatives.  
Color was lent to the ceremony by  
the attendance of the new staff.

The father and mother of the gov-  
ernor had the pleasure of seeing their  
son inaugurated. The governor's  
wife and the famous Foss twins were  
also in evidence, as was the brother  
of the governor, Congressman Foss of  
furnols.

Fatal Shock in Turning Out Light  
St. Albans, Vt., Jan. 3.—Edward  
D. Sweeney was electrocuted at his  
home here. About midnight Sweeney  
left his bed to get a drink of water.  
In turning off the water and the elec-  
tric light at the same time he received  
a shock which caused instant death.

Five Children Perish in Fire  
Pottsville, Pa., Jan. 3.—The five  
children of John Mackaavage at  
Minerville lost their lives in a fire  
which destroyed three houses in the  
foreign quarter of the town. The  
children ranged in age from 2 months  
to 8 years.

**HIGH COST OF LIVING**

Principal Reason For Divorces, Ac-  
cording to an Ohio Judge  
Cleveland, Jan. 6.—The high cost  
of living is blamed for most divorces  
by Judge New, who, during the term  
of court just ended, granted 428 sep-  
arations, breaking the record for  
Cuyahoga county.

**BROUGHT UP BY DREDGE**

Bones of One of the Victims of Bat-  
tleship Maine Recovered  
Havana, Jan. 4.—The first human  
remains from the wreck of the old  
battleship Maine were brought to the  
surface by a dredge. They consisted  
of two ribs and some small bones,  
apparently bones of the hand, and  
they were carefully placed in a spe-  
cial receptacle to await the recovery  
of other parts.

**GRACE'S CAP AND  
GOGGLES ARE FOUND**

Relics of Aviator Picked Up in  
North Sea, Near Belgian Coast

Brussels, Jan. 6.—The Aero club  
received a dispatch from the presi-  
dent of the Ostend Aero club stating  
that an aviator's cap and goggles,  
probably those worn by Cecil Grace,  
supposed to have been lost in the  
North sea, had been picked up at sea  
off Mariakerke, on the Belgian coast.

**PROHIBITION A FAILURE**

Maine's New Governor Takes a  
Whack at No-License Law  
Augusta, Me., Jan. 6.—Governor  
Plafsted, in his inaugural address,  
arranged the Maine prohibitory law,  
declaring it had been a failure.  
"Not only has the purpose failed of  
accomplishment, but hypocrisy, cor-  
ruption and disrespect for law have  
been begotten," he said.

**DENIED BY ROBIN**

Aged Couple Claim to Be Parents of  
the Fallen Banker  
New York, Jan. 6.—"What's the  
matter with you, anyway? What do  
you think you are trying to do?" asked  
Joseph G. Robin, the fallen banker,  
of a gray-headed couple who say they  
are his parents. They had been  
taken to the jail to identify Robin.  
This they both did as their son.

Again Robin denied that his parents  
were in this country, after the man  
had said Robin was his son, and at  
this fresh denial the husband joined  
with the wife in upraised hands and  
wails of grief.

Graft Uncovered in Manila  
Manila, Jan. 5.—Two American  
and six Filipino detectives in Manila  
have been arrested, charged with hav-  
ing accepted bribes to protect gam-  
bling and opium dens. Further ar-  
rests of Americans are expected to  
follow.

The Sumner Centenary  
Boston, Jan. 6.—Eloquent tributes  
were paid to the memory of Charles  
Sumner in Faneuil hall last night, at  
the opening of the celebration of the  
centenary of his birth. In the his-  
toric structure, where Sumner began  
his great work for the enslaved ne-  
groes, laudatory addresses were made  
by men prominent in public and pro-  
fessional life.

**MOUNTAINS ARE  
SPLIT APART**

Terrible Force of Earth Tre-  
mors in Turkestan

**TEATH LIST WILL BE LARGE**

Two Thousand Persons Reported  
Killed or Injured and Whole Towns  
Wiped Out—Soldiers Rushed to  
Stricken Territory, Which Em-  
braces About a Thousand Square  
Miles—Communication is Cut Off

Tashmend, Asiatic Russia, Jan. 6.  
—Two thousand soldiers, accounted  
for relief work, have been rushed into  
the earthquake-stricken territory of  
Semiratchensk, Turkestan, where  
fully 2000 are now reported to have  
been killed or wounded in the terrific  
and devastating earth tremors.

Practically 1000 square miles of  
territory are said to have been rav-  
aged, with whole towns wiped out and  
wide fissures in the steppes growing  
hourly.

Reports from towns and villages on  
the edge of the death belt whither  
refugees fled in great numbers during  
the night, state that conditions in the  
interior of the devastated zone are  
horribly beyond description.

A big detachment of troops was or-  
dered to hurry at all possible speed  
from the Tashmend barracks towards  
Kyzyl, a fortified town of 23,000 in-  
habitants, which is reported wholly  
in ruins.

At Kopal, a great section of the  
town lies in ruins, according to the  
meagre reports. Communication was  
practically cut off and from the in-  
terior of the earthquake zone no  
definite word came at all.

In the strike desert, east of Kopal,  
and upon the vast steppes stretching  
among the mountains, hundreds of  
members of Turkestan tribes are said  
to have been swallowed up by the  
earth.

Scores of persons perished in Lake  
Issyk-kul. When the earth began to  
rock many fled into boats upon the  
water, thinking themselves safe from  
falling buildings or cracks in the earth.  
However, the surface of the lake be-  
came so violent that the boats were  
swamped and sunk.

So great was the force of the tre-  
mors that mountains in the Koonko  
Ala-Tue range were split open. The  
force of the shock was felt for hun-  
dreds of miles along the northern  
frontier of China. It is feared that an  
epidemic will follow the disaster.

Army medical men were command-  
ed to accompany the relief corps  
which were sent with medical sup-  
plies into the stricken zone.

The fate of the soldiers in the bar-  
racks at Vyerny is in doubt. The  
garrison there had been but recently  
strengthened. Fleet couriers were  
ordered to proceed with all possible  
haste towards Vyerny and long pro-  
vision trains were started in that di-  
rection.

**SHORT IN HIS ACCOUNTS**

Treasurer of Westfield Savings Bank  
Placed Under Arrest  
Westfield, Mass., Jan. 2.—Follow-  
ing the discovery of a shortage of  
nearly \$50,000 in the funds of the  
Westfield Savings bank, the treasurer  
of the institution, Valens W. Crow-  
son, was placed under arrest.

**FINED AND DISFRANCHISED**

Penalty Imposed Upon Nearly a Thou-  
sand Voters in Ohio  
West Union, O., Jan. 5.—Fifteen  
hundred residents of Adams county  
had been indicted for selling their  
votes by the Adams county grand jury  
up to last evening and 418 have been  
fined and disfranchised.

Scott Township, worth \$25,000,  
pleaded guilty yesterday, admitting  
that he got \$12 for his vote. He was  
fined \$50, given a six months' work-  
house sentence and disfranchised.

The election probing grand jury has  
not yet completed its labors.

No Sunday Shows in Brockton  
Brockton, Mass., Jan. 5.—There  
will be no more "sacred concerts" or  
moving picture shows open Sunday  
nights in this city while Harry C.  
Howard is mayor. He has issued a  
statement to that effect.

Gotch Surrenders His Title  
Omaha, Jan. 5.—Frank Gotch,  
champion wrestler of the world, has  
resigned the honor in favor of Yusef  
Mahmoud and says he will back Mah-  
moud against Hackenschmidt for \$20,-  
000.

**KILLED HIS GRANDMOTHER**

Confession of a Little Fellow When  
Father is Arrested  
Danville, Ky., Jan. 6.—After his  
father had been arrested in connec-  
tion with the shooting to death of his  
grandmother, a 5-year-old boy here  
confessed that he had shot her acci-  
dentally while pointing an old shot-  
gun at her in fun. He hid in an out-  
building all night.

The victim of what was at first be-  
lieved to have been a murder was  
Mrs. Nancy Carter, 60 years old. Her  
body was found in her home at Junc-  
tion City, south of here.

**STEPHEN B. ELKINS**

West Virginia Leader  
Long Ill at the Capital



**DEATH OF SENATOR ELKINS**

Members of Family at His Bedside  
When the End Comes

Washington, Jan. 5.—Senator  
Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia  
died at his home here about midnight.  
Early last night, when the senator  
had a sudden sinking spell, it was felt  
that death was near, and members of  
his family gathered about his bedside.

The senator had been ill for several  
weeks, and despite the best of medi-  
cal care, had been gradually getting  
worse from the day he was first  
stricken.

**SKELETONS OF MEN  
MONKEYS EXHUMED**

Tribe Thought to Have Been  
the Last of Its Kind

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 5.—What  
are described as skeletons of a strange  
tribe of horned man-monkey pigmies  
are being exhumed from an ancient  
burying ground discovered in the delta  
of Topanga canyon, near Santa Mon-  
ica.

Forty-four skulls and almost as  
many complete sets of torso and limb  
bones have been recovered, together  
with strange antiquities apparently  
used by the tribe as weapons, and  
many stone mortars.

The tribe is thought to have been  
the last of the kind, and it is asserted  
by a legend of the oldest Spanish  
families that Aztec Indians exter-  
minated them upon their invasion into  
Southern California.

**PRODUCES THE "GOODS"**

San Francisco Puts Up \$1,000,000  
Bond to Secure Exposition  
Washington, Jan. 6.—Armed with  
an indemnity bond of a million dol-  
lars which guaranteed the federal gov-  
ernment that it will not be called upon  
for an appropriation in the event  
San Francisco is designated as the  
point at which the Panama exposition  
is to be held, R. H. Hale of San  
Francisco has arrived in Washington.

**JOKE MARRIAGE LEGAL**

Outcome of Ceremony Performed For  
Amusement of Guests  
Seattle, Jan. 6.—While celebrating  
New Year's at the home of a friend  
here, Charles E. Beeks, a Vancouver,  
B. C., banker, and Miss Jeanne P.  
Hartman went through a mock mar-  
riage ceremony for the amusement of  
the guests.

**GETS CHECK FOR \$80,000**

Uncle Sam Settles With Parr For Un-  
covering Sugar Frauds  
New York, Jan. 2.—Richard Parr,  
former special treasury agent and now  
deputy surveyor of the port of New  
York, received from the government  
a check for \$80,000, the balance due  
him of the \$100,000 award for his  
work in uncovering the sugar trust's  
weighing frauds.

**MOUSE CAUSES TROUBLE**

Puts Whole Town's Electric Lighting  
System Out of Commission  
Plymouth, Mass., Jan. 6.—A tiny  
mouse put the electric lighting sys-  
tem out of commission for three-  
quarters of an hour. It crawled into  
the switch box at the power house,  
found a place in the insulation on the  
feed wire just big enough to admit its  
slender tail; then, resting its nose on  
the return wire, short circuited the  
system and incidentally gave up its  
own life.

From the time the power house was  
darkened after a terrific flash until the  
electrical engineers found the cause of  
the trouble, three-quarters of an  
hour had elapsed, and the entire town  
was wondering what the matter was.

**Industrial Trust Company,**  
CAPITAL \$3,000,000 00 SURPLUS \$3,000,000 00  
Deposits made on our Participation (or Savings) Account  
on or before February 15th draw interest from February 1.  
Dividend periods February and August.

**NEWPORT BRANCH,**  
303 Thames Street.  
BOARD OF MANAGERS:  
Henry A. C. Taylor, Cyrus Brown,  
Angus McLeod, Otis Everett,  
George R. Chase, Thomas P. Peckham,  
Frederick P. Garretson, Peter King,  
Angus McLeod, Chairman of Board.  
Thomas P. Peckham, Manager.

**GREAT CLEARANCE SALE**  
IN  
**MILLINERY**  
AT  
**SCHREIER'S,**  
143 Thames Street  
Entire winter stock must be sold as we do not intend to  
pack any away, so we offer the entire selection at a sacrifice.  
Now is the time to procure a genuine bargain. We have the  
assortment, and the public will get bargains at SCHREIER'S,  
such as have never been offered in Newport before.  
CALL, SEE AND BE CONVINCED.

STOP IN AT THE  
**POSTAL STATION ON BROADWAY**  
and get some of those  
**LENOX CHOCOLATES**  
You will be pleased and so will we.  
**S. S. THOMPSON,**  
172-176 BROADWAY.

**CHAFING DISHES**  
With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the  
wick, strike a match, and be very  
careful not to spill alcohol on the  
table top.  
With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the  
switch.  
When this is done you can devote  
all your attention to the recipe.  
We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the  
General Electric Co. Ask us about them today  
**OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.**

**P. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.**  
**SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST**  
AND  
**Dispensing Optician.**  
Children's Eyes a Specialty.  
If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes,  
if your head aches a great deal of the time,  
have it attended to at once by a competent  
man. The prescription that you are given  
will be a life-saver now on the eye at any other  
time optical repairs might be needed. Optician's  
prescriptions given personally attention.  
116 SPRING STREET.  
FURNISHED Cottages  
TO RENT AT  
**BLOCK ISLAND.**  
H. S. MILLIKIN,  
Real Estate Agent.  
**PERRY HOUSE,**  
WASHINGTON SQUARE.  
OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR  
Under entirely new management.  
Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.  
Rates, \$5 up special rates by the week.  
P. H. WISWELL, Proprietor.  
**WANTED**  
SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to  
take care of managers of country hotel.  
W. G. PECKHAM,  
Westfield, N. J.  
**Cleveland House**  
27 CLARKE STREET.  
The most modern and up to date  
House in the City.  
A perfect House for Permanent or  
Transient Guests.  
Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.  
SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR  
MONTH.  
Apply to  
23 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.  
A Full Line of all the  
**NEW**  
Improved Varieties  
OF  
**VEGETABLE SEEDS**  
FOR SALE BY  
**Fernando Barker.**

## LEST WE FORGET.

## A Critic Reminds Us How Our People Have Bucked Progress.

We of this big republic complacently affirm the glory of our national achievements and are not without temptation to acclaim them as proof of superior craft and judgment.

But herein do we forget that we are on record as having cast our vote against every move that has contributed to the present century's development.

We raised our voices in contemptuous protest against the first projected railways. Had the locomotive waited its signal from the people it would not yet have started.

When the electric telegraph was shown to us we brushed it aside as a toy and laughed its inventor to scorn when he offered to sell us his rights for a few thousand dollars.

We put into jail as an impostor the first man who brought antiseptic to the market. We broke to pieces Howe's sewing machine as an invention calculated to ruin the working classes, and we did the same thing to the barometer and the blinder. We scorned the typewriter as a plaything.

We gathered together in mass meetings of indignation at the first proposal to install electric trolley lines, and when Dr. Bell told us he had invented an instrument by means of which we might talk to one another across the town we responded with accustomed philia, and only the reckless among us contributed to its being—Atlantic Monthly.

## HUMAN DISSECTION.

## Surgery and the Anatomists in the Olden Days.

For a long time Alexandria was the only medical center of the world, and the physician Galen, born about 130 A. D., had to journey from Rome to the African city even to see a skeleton. He sent his students to the German battlefields to dissect the bodies of the national enemies, while he himself used apes as most resembling human beings. Human dissection was revived in Bologna in the fourteenth century, where Madonna Manzoni later was professor of anatomy, undoubtedly one of the first women doctors, if not the very first. Leonardo da Vinci, painter of "The Last Supper," was a great anatomist, but dissection had fallen into disuse when Vesalius finally revived it about the middle of the sixteenth century.

Even in comparatively modern times anatomists have been the object of attacks by the populace. In 1763 Dr. John Shippen of Philadelphia was mobbed as a grave robber. Doctors' riots in New York occurred twenty-three years later and were due to the belief that the medical students robbed graves continually. It was the lack of opportunity to obtain subjects regularly that led to the practice of grave robbing and originated what Dr. Keene calls "a set of the lowest possible villanous—the resurrectionists."—New York World.

## Do You Help Others?

It has been truly said that for every one who stands alone there are twelve to lean against him. How is it with you? Are you one of those against whom others lean for help and encouragement, or are you leaning against some one and drawing your inspiration and courage from him? It depends entirely on yourself whether you take a positive attitude in your work or whether your negative characteristic shall dominate. It is much easier to go through life making as little effort as possible, but it is a poor way if we are going to make life yield even a small medium of what it holds for us. If you are working earnestly and hoping for success there is only one way to attain it, and that is through your positive characteristics.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Julius Caesar.

Caesar was assassinated March 15, 44 B. C., and was at the time of his death fifty-six years old. It is not alone as a military genius that his fame endures. By almost common consent he was the most remarkable all round man of antiquity—masterfully great not only as general, but as writer, statesman and administrator. In addition to these high accomplishments he was a great mathematician, philologist, architect and jurist. His conversational powers were extraordinary, and from all accounts he was in his manner one of the most attractive of men.

## Henry of Navarre and the Rod.

Henry IV. of France was a firm believer in the adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." In a letter to the governor of his son he wrote in October, 1607: "Madame—I have to complain that you have not informed me of having flogged my son. I desire and request that you will flog him whenever he is disobedient or otherwise troublesome, knowing as I do that nothing will do him more good. I speak from experience, as at his age I was frequently bled."—Paris Gaulois.

## Just Made It.

Farmer Giles (who has just cashed a check)—I don't think this money's right. The Cashier—Would you mind counting it again, sir? I think you'll find it correct. Farmer Giles (having done so)—Yes, but you're careful, young man; it's only just right.—London Sketch.

## Mistletoe a Menace.

Few people who know mistletoe only as a desirable feature of Christmas decorations understand that the plant is a parasite dangerous to the life of trees in the regions in which it grows. It is only a question of time after mistletoe once begins to grow upon a tree before the tree itself will be killed. The parasite saps the life of the infected branches. Fortunately it is of slow growth, taking years to develop to large proportions, but when neglected it invariably ruins all trees it reaches. The only method of extermination is the cutting down of diseased trees.—Exchange.

## THE ELECTROSCOPE.

## Instrument by Which the Presence of Electricity Is Detected.

The electroscope is an instrument for the detection of electricity. It depends for its action on the principle that bodies charged with like electricity repel, while those charged with unlike electricity attract each other. The ordinary pith ball suspended on a silk thread is the simplest form of the instrument.

The most common type of electroscope is that devised by Bennett in 1787 and known as the gold leaf electroscope. It consists of two strips of gold leaf of thin aluminum foil suspended from the lower extremity of a conductor within a glass bottle or jar. The upper end of the conductor terminates in a ball or a plate in case the instrument is to be used as a condensing electroscope. If a body charged with positive electricity is brought near the knob of the electroscope the negative electricity will be attracted to the knob and the positive repelled to the leaves, which diverge. If now the finger is touched to the knob the positive electricity is drawn off and the leaves collapse, while the negative electricity is held bound. Removing the charged body, the leaves will diverge again, charged with negative electricity. In this case the instrument can be used to determine the nature of a charge of a body brought near it, as with a positive charge the leaves will collapse and with a negative charge spread farther apart.—Exchange.

## A STUDY IN FIGURES.

## Calculations Necessary to Produce the Nautical Almanac.

It may safely be said that no one outside the publishing office has read the entire Nautical Almanac from beginning to end, but each figure of the printed almanac is in the office examined twice and read three times.

The total number of figures exceeds a million; but, great as that number is, it is trifling compared with the number of figures employed in the calculations, as the almanac figures represent "bare" results only. The moon, for instance, requires for its calculation more than a million and a half of figures, and similarly with other branches of the work, such as the sun, the planets, etc. Contrary to the general opinion, practically every figure in the book is fresh from year to year.

The tables from which nearly all the work is calculated have been originally constructed from the labors of the astronomical observer and to a large extent from the observations of the sun, moon and planets made at the Royal observatory, Greenwich. Telescopes and other astronomical appliances are conspicuously absent, as the work of the staff is purely mathematical and not observational.—London Telegraph.

## A Legend of Mount Omi.

Mount Omi, on the border between western China and Tibet, has the longest staircase in the world. On top of the mountain there stands a Buddhist temple, around which gather some of the holiest traditions of that religion and which is made a Mecca to the Chinese. To facilitate the ascent of its slippery sides some 20,000 steps have been cut in the mountain, forming a single flight, up which the pilgrim toils. Because of its inaccessibility few Europeans have ever visited the spot, but a number of travelers have ascended the stairway and are positive that it is no legendary myth. There is a legend that in earlier times the pilgrim was forced to ascend the mountain without artificial aids until the monks conceived the plan of requiring every pilgrim who would gain special benefit of his journey to cut a single step.

## Some Consolation.

He was a frugal Scot and when the collection plate came round dropped in a florin in mistake for the humble copper. Speedily discovering his mistake, however, he stepped softly down the aisle and requested the organist to give him back the coin, which request was politely but firmly refused. A shade of disappointment flitted over the northerner's face as he walked slowly back to his pew. "Awful," he said, "it's a loss, but there's some sma' consolation in reflecting it's a bad one. It might have got me into trouble anywhere else."—London Telegraph.

## Dickens and His Wife.

Commenting on the unhappy relations between Dickens and his wife, Goldwin Smith wrote in one of his last papers: "It was a common case. Dickens had married at a low level, and his wife had not risen with him; otherwise there was no fault on her side. The matrimonial history of writers of works of imagination has often been unhappy. Their imagination turns the woman into an angel, and then they find that she is a woman."—

## Where Money Buys Life.

The rich Chinaman if condemned to death easily procures a substitute. Some poor wretch, without money to secure his spirits from becoming wandering devils, with the price of his miserable life can purchase proper care for his spirit. Anything, in fact, can be done if you have the money. It is this belief that causes the Chinaman to commit suicide by taking his life on the premises of his enemy to take vengeance on him. His spirit, he believes, will forever haunt him. There is another reason also. He knows that as sure as fate the officials will under such circumstances come down upon his enemy and strip him of everything. Poor Chinese have been known to sell everything they possessed, tear down their houses to sell the timber, sell or rent out their wives and children and even sell themselves to procure money for the proper rites for the peace and comfort of the ancestral spirits. One thing alone a Chinese will not do—namely, sacrifice his son.—Kenneth F. Junior, M. D., in National Geographic Magazine.

## The Magpie Ceiling.

One of the apartments in the ancient royal palace at Cintra, Portugal, is known as the Hall of Magpies. Painted in the arabesque ceiling is to be found a swarm of magpies. Each has in the mouth a scroll, on which, painted in red on a white ground, are the words, "Por bem." The story runs that King John of Portugal was making love to one of the maids of honor in this chamber and was surprised by the queen. His majesty made the best of the circumstances and explained to the queen, "E por bem minha sacra" ("Oh, it is nothing at all. It is quite right. There is no harm in it"). As to whether the queen was satisfied the legend is silent, but the ladies of the court were deeply interested and were constantly saying to one another with a smile, "Por bem! Por bem!" The king thought it time to act, so he commissioned an artist to paint on the ceiling as many magpies as there were talkative ladies about the court, each holding in the beak the ribbon with the words, "Por bem."—London Globe.

## Fate of Portugal's Homer.

"The Lusiad" is one of the noblest records ever written of national glory and success. Camoens, its gifted author, determined to do for Portugal what Homer had done for Greece. The great poem was written in the sixteenth century, which has been called the heroic age of Portugal, and its main feature is the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco da Gama, while a most interesting episode is the crowning after death of Luiz de Castro as queen of Portugal. "The Lusiad" took its name from Lusitania, who was said to have founded Lisbon. Its author was born about 1520, and his career, which began brilliantly, was blighted by the death of a broken heart of the lady of his love, for whose sake he was banished from the land. He wrote "The Lusiad" in his banishment and was recaptured in 1571, losing on the way all his property except his poem. Pensioned at first by the king, this great epic poet of Portugal died in great poverty in 1570, when his patron was also dead.

## Down in a Coal Mine.

To the ear accustomed to the constant sound of a living world the stillness of a coal mine, where the miles of crosscuts and entries and the unyielding walls swallow up all sounds and echo is a silence that is complete, but as one becomes accustomed to the silence through long hours of solitary work sounds become audible that would escape an ear less trained. The trickling murmur of the gas, the spattering fall of a lump of coal loosened by some mysterious force from a cranny in the wall, the sudden knocking and breaking of a stratum for up in the rock above or the scurry of a rat or somewhere in the darkness strike on the ear, loud and startling. The eye, too, becomes trained to penetrate the darkness, but the darkness is so complete that there is a limit—the limit of the rays cast by the pit lamp.—Joseph Husband in Atlantic.

## Portuguese and Codfish.

It is an interesting fact that the fishermen of northern Portugal started and developed the fishing industry on the "banks" off the northern coast of America, and though they now send fewer ships, their taste for salt cod from Newfoundland is unabated. In fact, it is a national Portuguese delicacy. It is found in every little grocery shop, hard and brown as a board. A number of Portuguese have made their home on the islands to the south of the mainland of Massachusetts, and there the dark eyes of the Iberian maiden, raven locks and a certain picturesque element in dress are not infrequent. This connection with Portugal dates back many years; the ships of Marthas Vineyard bridging the distance over sea and returning with Portuguese crews.—Exchange.

## Adam and Eve.

"I hope this expulsion of ours is not going to injure our social position," said Eve ruefully. "I guess not," replied Adam. "They can't stop us from being one of the very first families, whatever they do." "I don't find our names here in the 'Social Register,'" said Eve, looking the volume over.

"Look under 'Dilatory Domestics,' my love," said Adam as he went out and named the jackass after himself.—Harper's Weekly.

## A Pithy Sermon.

Here is the pithiest sermon ever preached: "Our ingress into life is naked and bare, our progress through life is trouble and care, our egress out of it we know not where; but, doing well here, we shall do well there. I could not tell more by preaching a year."—

## Wanted It Well Hidden.

Little Bobby was too polite to say he wanted a big piece of the turkey, but he said he would like a piece of the chest, where the wishbone was, only he didn't want to find the wishbone too quick.—Browning's Magazine.

## It Was This Way.

"I suppose the father gave the bride away." "Not exactly. He gave a million away and threw her in."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Excluded.

Ascum—Well, well! I congratulate you, old man. And how is the baby to be named? Popple—By my wife's people, it seems.—Exchange.

## Same Old Story.

"Does he pay his alimony promptly?" "No. He has to be urged and threatened every day; but, then, of course, I got used to that when we were living together."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## How It Is.

"How is it, if Love is blind, that we hear of love at first sight?" "It is after love at first sight occurs that Love usually goes blind."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Rajahs of Bustar.

The rajahs of Bustar are hybrid rajputs, claiming to be of the family of the moon, and have reigned in Bustar for between five and six hundred years. The family bears the name of Rathputty, and every year the rajah has to sit on the rath at the festival of the Dusseerah wearing the jewels of the goddess Danteswarre, the tutelary goddess of the state, which are brought from Dantawara temple for the purpose.

"Save for the jewels he is clad only in wreaths of flowers," says a writer in the Wide World, "and when we saw him he looked very solemn—almost ashamed of himself—as he passed us."

"In connection with this ceremony there used to be a brutal custom of dragging the rath, a huge sort of juggernaut car weighing many tons, over the bodies of live buffaloes, often only partly killing them."

"This horrible practice was stopped by British officials."

## Indispensable.

Three camels presented themselves at the dock where the ark was tied up, whereas but two animals of a kind had been called for.

"One of you fellows will have to step aside!" shouted Noah very peremptorily.

But the three ships of the desert smiled knowingly.

"I," said the first of them, "am the camel which shall pass through the eye of a needle sooner than a rich man shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

"I," said the second, "am the camel which so many people swallow while straining at a gnat."

"And I," said the third and last, "am the camel whose back was broken by the last straw."

Whereupon Noah, perceiving that posterity could ill spare any of these and would be lost for illustrations without them, graciously made an exception in their favor.—Puck.

## A Famous Vine.

In the Cumberland Lodge portion of the royal gardens at Windsor there is a vine, known all over England as the Cumberland Lodge vine, which is a shoot of a still older vine which grows at Hampton Court, but the shoot has far outdistanced its parent in dimensions and productiveness. In England grapes are generally grown under glass, and the Cumberland Lodge vine has a great glass structure, 120 feet long by 20 wide, all to itself. Growing with astonishing luxuriance, the vine spreads itself over a roof area of 2,400 square feet and bears annually a crop of approximately a thousand huge bunches of the finest flavored grapes. These grapes are frequently found on the royal table, and the subject who is presented with a basket of them considers himself highly favored. The shoot from which the great vine has grown was planted in 1775.

## Cliff of Natural Glass.

A cliff of natural glass can be seen in Yellowstone park. It is half a mile long and from 150 to 250 feet high. The material of which it consists being as good glass as that artificially manufactured. The dense glass which forms the base is from seventy-five to a hundred feet thick, while the upper portion, having suffered and survived many ages of wind and rain, has naturally worn much thinner. Of course the color of the cliff is not that of natural glass—transparent and white—but is mostly black and in some places mottled and streaked with brownish red and shades of olive green and brown.

## Exclusive.

At an evangelistic service at Glasgow the preacher at the end of his address cried, "Now, all you good people who mean to go to heaven with me, stand up!" With a surge of enthusiasm the audience sprang to its feet, all but an old Scotchman in the front row, who sat still. The horrified evangelist wrung his hands and, addressing him, said, "My good man, my good man, don't you want to go to heaven?"

Clear and deliberate came the answer, "Aye, Awn gangin, but no' in a paurisonally conducted pairty!"—St. James Gazette.

## Kindly Fruits.

The expression in the prayer book "Kindly fruits of the earth" has for most persons no definite meaning on account of the difference in significance now attached to the word kindly from that used when the expression was first written. The word kindly in that connection meant as nearly as possible "of its kind," and the expression "kindly fruits of the earth" meant "the fruits of the earth each after its kind."

## Why Waste His Breath?

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples and you gave another boy his choice of them. You would tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you? Tommy—No, mum. Teacher—Why? Tommy—Cos 't wouldn't be necessary.—Suburban Life.

## Fairly Warned.

He—My dear, I can't afford to buy that hat. She—Still, you'd save money if you did. He—How so? She—Because I'll be ill if I don't have it, and you know what doctors' bills are.

## Hit Both Ways.

"It ain't no fun being a kid," observed a boy bitterly. "You always baffle go to bed when you ain't sleepy and git up when you are."—Toledo Blade.

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking at the bright side of things.—Johnson.

## Two Is Company.

"Have you ever loved before?" asked the coy maid. "Yes," yawned the worldly young man, "but never before a chapman, two small brothers and a pet bulldog." And then she suggested a trip down the old road to see the stars.—Chicago News.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

*Dr. H. H. Fletcher*

**Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA**

900 DROPS  
ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.  
Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cleanses the System and Relieves Constipation. Opium, Morphine, or Alcohol NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher* NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DROPS—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE DENTON COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## Why He Wanted References.

At a credit men's dinner one of the veterans told this story: "In the reconstruction days a man from a Mississippi valley town came to our western house one day. We had soft him before in a small way, and he always paid. He had enlarged his business, he told us, and wanted a bigger line than usual, but before making his selections he wanted us to give him references. We expressed surprise at such an unheard of demand, but he said, 'My two brothers-in-law have gone in with me, and they're very particular as to whom they do business with.' So we sent him to our banks, and he came back, said we were all right, picked out a big line of goods, and in sixty days he 'busted.' We couldn't collect a dollar. Two years later I met the man in Cincinnati and told him we had become reconciled to our loss. 'But will you please tell me,' I asked, 'why did you want references as to our credit?' 'Well, you see,' he answered, 'I wanted to know if you could stand it.'"—Exchange.

## No Law's Delay Here.

In Perak, in the Malay peninsula, lawyers find no business, for a modified form of trial by ordeal decides all disputes. In place of the legal practitioner the pleader is a native boy who is assigned to one or the other of the sides, and is given a bamboo tube in which is sealed the pleading of the person or party whom he represents. When all is ready two snakes are driven into the bed of a stream, and by aid of a bamboo pole the heads of the two boys are submerged at the same time. By grasping the snakes they are enabled to remain under water for quite awhile after their natural inclination would bring them to the surface, but at last one of them gives in, and releasing his hold of the snake, comes to the air. He is immediately seized, and the tube he holds is cast aside. The other lad is led ashore, his tube opened, and the document contained therein stands as the decision in the case.

## Scott Relics at Abbotsford.

The present estate of Abbotsford was formed during the years 1811 to 1817 from various small farms, the first one purchased bearing the "inhomogeneous designation" Clarty Hole. After Sir Walter Scott's death in 1834 a committee of friends collected £8,000 toward the redemption of the estate, and Mr. Cadell, the publisher, contributed the rest on receiving the rights over Scott's works. The library and museum had been given some years before by the creditors. As his son, Lieutenant Colonel W. Scott, died on his way home from India, the property descended to J. R. Lockhart, his son-in-law, and thence to his daughter's husband, J. R. Hope-Scott, whose daughter held the estate for some years. Many Scott relics are preserved in the house, notably his chair and writing table in the study and his hat and gloves in the hall.—London Standard.

## Hard For the Eskimos.

One of the difficulties of the Moravian missionaries in Labrador is to make the Old Testament, with its wealth of pastoral detail, intelligible to the Eskimos, not one of whom has ever seen a horse. "Sheep and cattle," they cannot realize or conceive of, for there are no domesticated animals save dogs in that portion of the peninsula. They comprehend the story of Esau, the hunter, and that of Samson and the lion, which animal can be translated as polar bear, but of Abraham in the land of Mesopotamia they can form no picture. The nearest approach to these ideas is drawn from the harvest of the sea, seals and fish taking the place of flocks and herds.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

## OUR NATURAL SAVAGERY.

It Will at Times Break Through the Veneer of Civilization.

It's a mighty short step from modern civilization to the natural impulses of ancient savagery. If you don't believe it, just watch some time, and you'll see a small boy—or a grown man—discover a rabbit.

The first thought that comes into his mind is to kill the rabbit. Quickly he searches his mind to see where a weapon can be found.

The second thought is to secure a rock to throw at it, just as some cave man might.

A man finds a snake coiled in the road. It may be a harmless snake, but it's a snake, and therefore his primitive instinct calls upon him to kill it.

A weapon! He seeks about for a club, just as his ancient, skin clothed ancestors would have done, and, having secured the club, he dispatches the snake, his soul singing with triumph.

Modern civilization probably would have urged the man to cut a forked stick and catch the snake by the neck with it, then to secure 10 cents' worth of chloroform and kill it swiftly and painlessly. But he goes after the club just as naturally as if he had never seen a steam heated flat or ridden on a trolley car or seen an automobile.

Children roam in the woods and eat every variety of berry they can find. It matters not if they are poisonous. They taste them all from the looks, and the amount eaten depends on the taste. This is probably what the cave children did, and the modern infants show the same intelligent caution regarding what they put in their mouths.

It's that way all through. We may have acquired a more or less thick veneer of modern civilization, but let emergencies arise and we're as primitive as the most primitive of our ancestors.—Galveston News.

## Mixing His Dates.

There is a story of a man who was so transported with joy as he stood up at the altar call to be married that his thoughts reverted to a day when he stood up at the prisoner's bar in a court of justice to plead "guilty" or "not guilty" to a criminal charge. So powerfully did that, the most painful event of his life, obtrude itself upon his mind that, when the clergyman put the question, "Will thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" and so on, the poor distracted bridegroom answered with startling distinctness, "Not guilty, so help me!"—From Tuckerman's "Personal Recollections."

## A Stubborn Opening.

The head of the household was going through her husband's pockets the next morning.

"What kept you out so late last night?" she suddenly demanded.

"It was the opening of the campaign, my dear," the lesser half replied.

"Well, it didn't take three corkscrews to open it, did it?"

And she drew the offending articles from his side pocket and waved them before him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## A Riot of Ink.

Canon Nicholl used to tell how on one occasion he had visited the famous house of the Thrales in that suburb of London where Dr. Johnson was at home. "Johnson," said the canon in recalling his visit, "had occupied two rooms, and these were left as he last used them. The sight was an extraordinary one, for ink was splashed all over the floor and even on the walls. It was one of the doctor's habits to dip his pen in ink and then shake it."

## Teaching the Teacher.

Teacher—Johnny, what part of speech is "nose"? Johnny—"Tisn't any. Teacher—Ah, but it must be. Johnny—May-be yours is, because you talk through it, but the only part of speech I've got is my mouth.



DISLIKES INNOVATIONS.

Hence the Rhino Blindly Attacks Anything New to Him.

Sir Frederick Treves, the distinguished British surgeon, in his book "Uganda For a Holiday" has a word or two to say about the rhinoceros.

"The rhinoceros is the embodiment of blind conservatism," he writes. "Its hide is impenetrable, its vision is weak, while its intellect is weaker. It has, however, two marked qualities—courage and a sense of smell. It is prone to its maximum energy by the presence of anything that is new. This object need not be a thing that is aggressive or inconvenient. Its offensiveness depends upon the fact that it is unfamiliar, and the more unfamiliar the object is, the worse the rhinoceros acts."

"When a rhinoceros smells a man he will charge him with malicious violence, although the man may be merely sitting on a stool reading Milton. The massive beast will dash at him like a torpedo or a runaway locomotive simply because the smell of him is novel. Actuated by this insane hate of whatever savors of an innovation, the rhinoceros has charged an iron water tank on the outskirts of a camp and has crumpled it up as a blacksmith would an empty meat tin."

"A conservative rhinoceros with a gentle dislike of anything new once charged a train on the Uganda railway, but with no more serious results than the tearing away of the footboard of a carriage. As regards the rhinoceros in this case, it appeared surprised that a thing composed, as it had imagined, of flesh and blood could be so hard. It went off with an additional grievance and an increased swelling of the head."

MOSCOW CATHEDRAL.

Fantastic Looking Edifice Erected by Ivan the Terrible.

One of the most extraordinary and fantastic Christian places of worship in the world is the Cathedral of Moscow, known as Vasil' Blajennij, strange not only in outline and conception, but even stranger in its history. No one knows the architect's name, but the story goes that the czar ordered his eyes to be put out directly the church was completed, so that he should never be able to surpass his work. The idea of the building was inspired by the wickedest and maddest monarch who ever sat on a throne—Ivan the Terrible, czar of Muscovy.

The architecture is in every respect extravagant and barbaric, and the coloring is garish in the extreme. It has nine chapels, roofed by nine cupolas, each different and each stranger than the other. One resembles a pineapple, another a melon, a third is said to ape a hedgehog in its appearance, and the rest are more or less grotesque. Some are gilt; others are painted in brilliant hues. Indeed, the only description is that it is a nightmare of a church, the fitting legacy of a ruler who grinded his counselors in frying pans and clothed his subjects in bearskins in order that trained dogs might worry and tear them to pieces.—Strand Magazine.

A King's Hobby.

The late king of Siam had an extraordinary hobby—that of collecting empty matchboxes of all nations. In this connection an interesting story is related. During one of his visits to England the king while passing down Bond street one afternoon, accompanied by two members of his suit, espied an empty matchbox which had been discarded by its owner and thrown away into the middle of the thoroughfare. Without a moment's thought the monarch dashed into the middle of the crowded traffic, grasped the much coveted treasure and was nearly run over by a passing cab. The fact, however, that he was able to add a new specimen to his collection gathered under such circumstances more than compensated him for the risk which he had run.—London News.

Gothic Architecture.

Gothic architecture began about the ninth century after Christ and soon began to spread all over Europe. Its great feature is the pointed arch, and it was at first called the "pointed style." Most of the glorious old world cathedrals are in the Gothic, and it is generally conceded that for religious purposes no other style of architecture is so perfectly suited. It has been said that the first idea of the Gothic was suggested by the interlacing boughs and trunks of the great woods in which German Christianity was formed; hence the name Gothic.—New York American.

Still More Painful.

The Young Politician—I can assure you there is nothing more painful than having to make—er—er—one's first speech in public. Young Politician's Wife—Oh, yes, there is, dear! Young Politician (displeased)—Then what is it, pray? Young Politician's Wife (sweetly)—Having to listen to it, my dear.

He Was Considerate.

She—I should like that lovely pearl necklace. Look what beauties they are. He—It's better not to have such large pearls, my dear. People always think they are false.—Journal Amuseant.

Marriage.

"Marriage," said the serious man, "is an education in itself."

"Yes," commented old Grunch, "it teaches you what not to do after you have done it."—Boston Transcript.

Love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.—MacDonald.

Prosecuting Attorney—You are willing to swear that it was the prisoner at the bar who fired the fatal shot?

Witness—Yes, your honor, I could not be mistaken! There was only sixteen fellows shooting at the time, so I could easily keep track of them!

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

INCUR.

Some Interference Wireless Operators Cannot Overcome.

Few are the steamer passengers who fail to visit the wireless office aboard ship to watch the operation of the instruments and to question the operator. Needless to say, the technical understanding of the well meaning visitors is a variable quantity. The operator must listen to wondering exclamations, original suggestions for the improvement of the service, disturbances on the relations between wireless telegraphy and spiritualism and other doubtful topics with uniform courtesy. At times, however, the strain is too great. It was a lady passenger with an eye for details who came to the wireless room and looked wonderingly in.

"Oh, here's the wireless! May I come in? Isn't it wonderful to think of sending those—those waves—you call them waves, don't you? How fascinating to work at this! Are those jars filled with water?"

"Those are condenser jars, madam, quite empty."

"Really? I don't believe I could ever understand it. That coil of wire looks like a birdcage."

"That is the inductance helix."

"What are those things over your ears?"

"The receiving telephones."

"Then you have telephone connection too. One can hardly keep up with the times these days. What does that coil do?"

"That is the receiving tuner and interference preventer."

"Wonderful! Does it keep out all interference?"

"Not all," replied the operator wearily. "Some kinds of interference can't be tuned out; we just have to stand it."—Youth's Companion.

EIGHT CENTS A DAY.

Workers' Pay in England When Board Was a Shilling a Week.

There was a time when a workman in England received 8 cents a day as an ordinary wage, when skilled artisans commanded 12 cents a day and when women worked in the field at such tasks as reaping straw, hoeing, planting beans and washing sheep for 2 cents a day, and a wise student of the subject has expressed the opinion that the British workman of that day was better off than he has ever been since then.

That sounds paradoxical. But the explanation is this: The workman who sold his services for 8 cents a day could buy good beef or mutton for 14 cents a pound. Wheat cost him on the average only 18 cents a bushel. He could get board for 12 to 16 cents a week. The pay he would receive for fifteen weeks' services would suffice to purchase a supply of suitable foodstuffs, according to the standard of his time (consisting of wheat, malt and oatmeal), to maintain his family for an entire year.

Under these circumstances 8 cents a day—increased to 12 cents in harvest time—was a fair wage, and "times were good" for the average workman.—McClure's Magazine.

Opera in Dumb Show.

The late Clara Novello in her reminiscences tells how Maltrian once appeared in "Sonnenblume" without uttering a note. She had taken cold and was prevented from singing at the last moment, though crowds of early comers already filled the house. "On the manager telling her, in despair, that, besides loss of money, these disappointed people would be dangerous she said, 'I can't speak above my breath; I should have to do it in dumb show.' Run at once caught at this outburst as if seriously meant and on his knees begged her to try this, and she, fired by the novelty, did so. The grateful public raved in praise of this surprising tour de force, and the sensation it made filled the papers."

Bathing Machines.

Somebody has inquired why "bathing machines," the comfortable privacy of which for ocean bathing has never attracted bathers in this country, are called machines, remarking that there is nothing of a machine about them except the horse which draws them to the beach. The answer has been found in the new Oxford Dictionary. It appears that a "machine" was originally a "structure of any kind, material or immaterial," and has nothing to do with machinery, a later word. Ships were called machines, and it would have been proper to speak of a pulpit as a machine.—Argonaut.

Laughter and Death.

He can be said to have won the game of life who at the last can laugh. That final speech of O. Henry, the short story writer, was finer than any story he ever wrote. Just as he was dying he turned to the doctor and said: "Pull up the curtain, doc. I'm afraid to go home in the dark." The speech had in it wide courage and a sense of values. One forgives the royal Charles much frivolity for the sake of his dying speech, "Gentlemen, I fear I'm an unconscionable time a-dying."—Harpers.

A Complicated Case.

"Of course, doctor, German measles are seldom serious?"

"I never met but one fatal case."

"Fatal?"

"Yes. It was a Frenchman, and when he discovered it was German measles that he had mortification set in."

Philosophy is nothing but discretion.—Selden.

A Poor Plan.

The trouble with some men who reach the top is that they go right on over and down the other side.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Parting Shot.

Cabby (badly worsted in the dispute): Well, I hope as the next four wheels ye likes, mum, will be an 'earset'.

The Filial Chinaman.

Many examples of Chinese filial piety strike the occidental reader as ridiculous. There is the famous story of Lao Taitai, which Mr. R. F. Johnston repeats in his "Lion and Dragon in Northern China." Lao's parents lived to such extreme old age that he was himself a toothless old man while they were both still alive. "Conceiving it his duty to divert their attention from their weight of years and approaching end, he dressed himself up in the clothes of a child and played about in his parents' presence with the object of making them think they were still a young married couple contemplating the imminent gambols of their infant son."

A similar case is that of Wang P'ou, whose mother had an uncomprehending dread of thunder and lightning. When she died she was buried in a mountain forest, and thereafter, when a violent thunderstorm occurred, Wang P'ou, heedless of the wind and rain, would hurry to her grave and throw himself to his knees. "I am here to protect you, dear mother," he would say. "Do not be afraid."

Making a Gunstock.

A party of men were out hunting, and an old woodsman who was with them broke his gunstock in some way or other. It was just about nightfall when the accident occurred, and inasmuch as he was very anxious to do some shooting early the next morning he decided to fix up his shooting iron. Finding a walnut fence rail, he set to work. His only tools were an ax and a big pocket knife. All night long he labored vigorously at his task, and by morning the gunstock was finished and back in place and worked like a charm.

"How did you do it?" asked one of the number, greatly surprised.

"Very easy," was this old hunter's reply. "No trouble at all. Just get a piece of wood about the size and kind that you want and then whittle away all that you want whittled away. When you have all the wood cut off that you don't want you have a gunstock."—Kansas City Journal.

The Measure.

The ancient judge sat before the scales of worth.

"Bring forth the royal treasure!" cried, and the hurrying slaves poured into the huge pan scales of golden metal, caskets of sparkling gems until it seemed as if all of the wealth of earth were there. Yet the balance never stirred.

"Let the learning of the ages be added," came the order, and tons upon tons of the wisdom of sages, philosophers, scientists and poets was heaped upon the pile. And still the great arm of the scales remained high in air.

"Add now the men of power and high position," said the judge, and the scale will fall. But all in vain.

"But what is on the other side that outweighs all these?" asked one.

"It is character," said the judge.—Pierian.

A Good Sleeper.

Talleyrand used to tell an extraordinary story of the impassiveness of Louis XVIII. When he was minister of foreign affairs a courier came to him one evening bearing unpleasant news, and he therefore postponed the communication of it to the king till next morning, when he explained that he was afraid the tidings might have disturbed his majesty's sleep. The king replied: "Nothing disturbs my sleep, as you may see from this instance. The most dreadful blow of my life was my brother's death. The courier who brought this dreadful news arrived at 5 o'clock in the evening. For many hours I was quite overcome, but at midnight I went to bed and slept my usual eight hours." The story is told by the Duchesse de Dino, Talleyrand's niece, in her memoirs.

Sons of Butchers.

Three of the stained glass windows in the hall of the Butcher Guild, London, contain the portraits of Cardinal Wolsey, William Shakespeare and Daniel Defoe in recognition of their connection with the meat trade.

The cardinal was the son of a "respectable" butcher at Ipswich, in Suffolk, and "the immortal bard" assisted while a youngster a butcher in his native town of Stratford-on-Avon.

Defoe, nowadays known as the author of "Robinson Crusoe," but in his day an adventurer and secret agent of his government, was the son of a butcher in Fore street and a member of the guild.—National Provisioner.

Early Landholdings.

Nothing is clearer than the fact that the system of landholding in the most ancient races was communal. Private right in land was for a long time unknown, the source of life being held in common between the members of the tribe. Not only land, but all property that in any way had to do with the general welfare, was looked upon as belonging to the whole tribe in common, no individual having the right to call it his own. Gradually and after a very long time, under the old regime, the right of private ownership began to creep in until at last it became the recognized right pretty nearly everywhere.—New York American.

Lowell and Mahaffy.

James Russell Lowell and Professor Mahaffy met for the first time at a friend's house in Birmingham, England, and talked together for four hours. When Lowell drove away in the carriage he exclaimed to his host, "Well, that's one of the most delightful fellows I ever met, and I don't mind if you tell him so!" The friend did so, and Mahaffy received the compliment with equal grace and modesty. "Poor Lowell!" he exclaimed. "To think that he can never have met an Irishman before!"

Borrow is not an accident occurring now and then. It is the roof which is woven into the warp of life, and he who has not discerned the divine sacredness of sorrow and the profound meaning which is concealed in pain has yet to learn what life is.—F. W. Robertson.

Mercantile Review of R. I.

G. G. Cameron, manager of the Rhode Island office of R. G. Dunn & Co., in his annual general review of trade conditions in Rhode Island, says: "The volume of business done the past year by the various manufacturing and mercantile concerns in this state, has been on the whole fairly satisfactory, a steady improvement and gradual restoration of normal conditions being shown in many lines of effort. Of course there are some industries which have been decidedly below the normal in the amount of their output, but these are exceptions as are likewise those whose sales have run considerably ahead of previous years. An optimistic feeling prevails among business men in general and a year of marked activity is looked for, in all departments of trade in 1911."

The past year has been a good one for building operations, especially in medium priced house construction work, though some large building contracts have been undertaken or completed during the year, and dealers in the building material lines are well pleased with the amount of business done.

Many manufacturing jewelers have received more orders than in 1909, and makers of certain specialties such as hat pins, bracelets, men's bags, etc., have done a large and profitable business. Many concerns in this line have enlarged or refitted their plants during the year in anticipation of increased business. Among the small factories, work has been scarce, and few have made expenses.

Manufacturers of cotton goods have experienced a bad year, due to the high price of raw cotton and the low price asked for the finished product by buyers, which made operations at a profit well nigh impossible. Current output of production was necessarily affected during the year, the output being only 25 per cent. less than 1909. The close of the year finds the situation more depressing than it has been in a number of years.

Woolen manufacturers have also had a poor year, many of the larger mills producing only about 60 per cent. of the capacity of their plants, though some of the smaller mills have been more fortunate, in some instances operating their plants night and day throughout the year, these concerns having made novel patterns which found ready sale in the market.

Woolen manufacturers have had a fair year though profits have been small.

Silvermiths have been busy throughout the year, the demand being mostly for light silverware and novelties.

Machine toolmakers have held their own, and while they have felt the depression in the automobile industry which commenced in the early spring, they have had sufficient amount of orders to make it a normal year. The manufacturers have done a prosperous business comparing favorably with their best years.

The silk spinning industry has been active, and sales have shown an increase over previous years.

The manufacturers of Emery Wheels here, has assumed importance and the amount of business done is fully 30 per cent. larger than last year.

Electric wire makers have done a better business than in 1909 but continuous with them are still unsatisfactory, the price of copper making profits small. Makers of narrow fabrics, shoe leaces, etc., have had only a fair year, many concerns doing considerably less than in 1909.

Failures in 1910.

The failures in Rhode Island and that part of Massachusetts closed by, known as the Attleboro, are given below, with the total number, and amount of assets and liabilities each month.

	Number	Assets	Liabilities
January	4	\$4,000	\$25,341
February	11	16,885	71,558
March	15	22,000	110,888
April	16	7,710	64,794
May	11	1,531	27,881
June	8	4,222	32,822
July	15	15,600	82,850
August	8	17,845	86,807
September	10	4,470	81,101
October	9	14,351	82,100
November	7	6,770	41,436
December	10	11,850	37,262
Total for 1910	127	151,794	925,350

Failures Past Years.

	Number	Assets	Liabilities
1899	90	\$34,719	\$1,357,921
1900	104	22,515	1,157,515
1901	101	71,554	1,172,111
1902	117	76,531	1,197,009
1903	110	371,779	1,454,191
1904	124	427,010	872,101
1905	148	665,211	1,065,211
1906	113	956,256	1,083,937
1907	114	925,377	1,255,971
1908	100	497,035	1,027,340
1909	115	626,270	1,097,377
1910	127	151,794	925,350

It will be very gratifying to the people of Rhode Island to learn that the net loss by failures in 1910 were only \$493,592 while in 1909 it was \$1,423,137. It will also be seen that during the past twelve years only four have shown as small net losses as in 1910.

Manufacturers in all lines were sanguinary free from financial disaster. Statistics show that in Rhode Island, in 1910, only one worked mill, and two cotton mills were forced to suspend and there were small concerns. The two cotton mills showed a net loss of \$11,500 and the worsted mills a net loss of \$24,000. Among various smaller manufacturers 9 were forced to suspend with assets of \$1,550 and liabilities of \$11,855. Manufacturing jewelers, four in number, quit business owing \$15,019 with \$3,550 to pay with.

Grocers, produce dealers, etc., as usual were the largest in number among traders. There being 49 in that line with assets of \$27,567 and liabilities of \$169,890.

The hardware, paint, oil, electrical supplies and drugs were 18 in number with assets of \$22,100 and liabilities of \$93,458.

The automobile supply business is rather new but 4 of them succumbed with assets of \$5,653 and liabilities of \$30,147. Few in the liquor business became insolvent, and the plumbing, shoe and boot trades suffered very little.

The dry goods, clothing, and kindred trades suffered more or less; 23 failed with assets of \$38,048 and liabilities of \$158,130.

On the whole, our people have much to be thankful for, and the prospects for 1911 are bright.

"That First Invented Sleep."

"Now blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap; and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man even. There is only one thing, which somebody once put into my head, that I dislike in sleep—it is that it resembles death. There is very little difference between a man in his first sleep and a man in his last sleep."—From Cervantes.

Drowned The Music.

Theodore Thomas once undertook to raise a subscription fund for a series of concerts in San Francisco, but only \$10,000 had been raised, and the enterprise hung fire. Then he announced that Emma Thursby would sing at each concert, and the guarantee fund promptly went up to \$50,000.

Thomas had a rule against encores for solists. They were allowed to appear and bow in recognition of applause, but that was all. The San Francisco audience which was responsible for the raising of the fund they were entitled to encore her if they chose. Thursby, however, insisted stubbornly on his rule.

On the last night a determined effort was made to enforce her. She appeared again and again, bowing her thanks, and each time the applause increased instead of diminishing. At last the audience began to shout its demands instead of merely applauding, and Mrs. Thursby turned to Thomas and said, "What shall I do?"

"Keep on bowing if you have to bow all night," snapped Thomas grimly.

And she went out and bowed again. This time Thomas directed the orchestra to go ahead with the final number. The audience, thoroughly indignant, shouted down the music, but Thomas was inflexible. The orchestra went on playing, utterly unheard, in a pandemonium of shouted protests. And it was probably the only time that a Thomas number fell on deaf ears.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Lucky He Stuck to His Opinion.

Pride of opinion is perhaps the most common fault of us fairly educated and intelligent moderns. We form our judgments and then, as it were, defy any one to change them. It is said that no one has been converted by a strict argument.

At the time of the great disaster in Martinique the Italian bark Orsolina was taking on a cargo of sugar there. Her captain was accustomed to volaciously and he did not like the appearance of Mount Pelee. Not half his cargo was on board, but he decided to sail for home.

"The Peleau is all right," argued the shipper. "Finish your loading."

"I don't know anything about Mount Pelee," said the captain, "but if Vesuvius looked just way I'd get out of Naples, and I'm going to get right out of here."

The shippers threatened him with arrest. They sent customs officers to detain him, but the captain persisted in leaving. Twenty-four hours later the shippers and the customs officers lay dead in the ruins of St. Pierre.—Cornellian Herald.

No Paprika in Her Bones.

A Hungarian restaurant in New York became famous for its culinary triumphs, and many visitors to the city became acquainted there with the mysterious dishes produced in Hungarian kitchens. In one of these parties several years ago was a young matron from the far west, who, anxious to extend her culinary knowledge and seeing how her husband relished one of the courses of the meal, asked the head waiter for the recipe for the dish.

"Can give it to you, madam," was the courteous reply, "but you can't make it."

"And why not?" asked the sightseer.

"Because you must be Hungarian. It might come right for an Austrian, but an American never. You must have paprika in your bones." And taking that high ground, the request was refused.—New York Tribune.

Loved His Work.

The Secretary of Agriculture, in an address in Washington, said of farming: "The successful farmer loves his work. Every detail of it interests him. Thus Squire Plowlands proved himself a poor theologian but a grand farmer when he met, one Sunday morning, his tenant Hodge.

"Where have you been, Hodge?"

"I've been to church, sir," Hodge replied.

"What was the sermon about, Hodge?"

"It was something about Joseph going down to Egypt to buy corn, sir."

"The squire brightened.

"Did the parson say what corn is worth down there?" he asked."—Washington Star.

He Who Dances must Pay the Piper.

Also the cautions, the forist, and then some.

The simplest and best regulator of the disordered liver in the world, are Carter's Little Liver Pills. They give prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation and cure constipation and after remove all impurities and purify the blood.

When a fellow is too lazy to work he becomes a bohemian.

Never had taken two of Carter's Little Liver pills and you would not have had that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this morning. Keep a vial with you on occasional use.

No man doubts your word if you speak well of him.

Smart Wood and Belladonna, combined with the other ingredients used in the famous pills, make Carter's S. W. A. B. Balm the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

Unfortunately a wealth of imagination won't pay the butcher's bill.

Arefice from all grade and irritating matter Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very easily very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

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A Traveler's Experience.

Dillon Wallace, on his trip through the Rockies, encountered unusual experiences, many of them humorous. He discusses the first stage of his trip and says regarding his introduction to the west: "It was a Sunday evening, and probably because it was not customary for the limited to stop at Hotelbrook, Ariz., the usual assembly of townfolk were not there to meet the train. While I stood uncertainly which way to turn, two young fellows spurred and booted, in stout steves and wearing jaunty sombreros, observed me from a corral opposite and good naturedly came to my assistance. "I reckon you want a hotel," said one of them, taking possession of my suitcase without further introduction and with a self reliance and air of proprietorship quite refreshing.

"I reckon I do," I answered, as we turned up the street to the northward.

"Buyin' broncos?" he asked.

"No."

"Steers?"

"No."

"Wool agent?"

"No. I just came to look around."

"He was silent for a few yards, and then expressed his opinion of my visit in accents of disgust.

"Well, you've come in a duds of a place just 't look around. Reckon you've had time since the train left 'em most all there is 't see. It's a plumb lousy town."—O'Leary.

Solon's Answer.

"What is the most perfect form of government?" was once propounded at the court of Pericles, king of Corinth, one of the seven wise men of Greece. His six fellows were present, and of them three answered first, giving as their opinion, "Where the laws have no superior." Thales of Miletus, the great astronomer, declared, "Where the people are neither too rich nor too poor." In his turn said Anacharsis, the Scythian, "Where virtue is honored and vice is detested." Said Pittacus of Mitylene, "Where dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous and never upon the base." Said Cleobolus, "Where the citizens fear shame more than punishment." Said Chilo, the Spartan, "Where the laws are more regarded than the orators."

The last to reply was the youngest but the wisest of them all, Solon of Athens, who said, "Where an injury done to the meanest subject is as justly to the whole community."

Salt Water Cataracts.

There are a good many salt water cataracts in existence. They may be found in Norway, southern Utah and British Columbia, where narrow floods, or arms of the sea, are obstructed by barriers of rock. The rising tide flows over and under through such reefs into the great natural reservoir beyond, but the water is held back at theebb until it breaks over the obstruction in an irritable torrent. Most curious of all is the waterfall at Canoe Passage, where the island of Vancouver approaches the British Columbia mainland. Here the flood tide from the gulf of Georgia to the northward is held back at a narrow chert between two islands until it pours over in a boiling cascade eighteen feet high, with perhaps double the volume of the Rhine. At the turn of the tide, however, the waters from the north rush back into the gulf, producing a cascade of equal height and volume. The waterfall actually flows both ways.

In

